1600 | 54

THE CONTENTS

The FIRST BOOK

ODE 1. To Mecœnas. *Several Men have several sorts of Delight, but Delight is Pleasant, especially in Lyrick Verse.*

2. To Augustus Cæsar. *The Gods were all Offended at the Murder of Julius Cæsar; the whole Hope of the Empire is in Augustus.*

3. *He wisheth Safety to the Ship that was to carry* Virgil *to* Athens; *then he inveigheth against the Rashness of Mankind.*

4. *A Description of the Spring; the Breeding of Life, therefore Pleasure is to be taken.*

5. *Those are Miserable that are entangled with the Love of Pyrrha: He professeth Himself to have escaped from her Enticements, as from Shipwrack.*

6. To Agrippa. *His Warlike Actions ought to be written by* Varius: *He was more fit to sing of Banquets, and of Love.*

7. *Some are pleased with one Place, some with another; Tibur was the Chief Place of his Abode: Wine a sovereign Remedy against Cares.*

8. *He takes Notice of* Sybaris, *a Young Man, who having left off all commendable Exercises, was taken up wholly with the Love of Lydia.*

9. *In cold Winter to sit good to drink Wine, and to Rejoyce.*

10. To Mercury.

11. *It is good to take Pleasure, setting aside Cares for the future.*

12. *The Gods and ancient Heroes first, then he Praises* Augustus.

13. Horace *makes himself Jealous, and falls foul upon his Rival.*

14. *The Civil War never to be begun again.*

15. *A Prophecy concerning the Destruction of Troy.*

16. *Moderation to be kept, if Sorrow be had Offended.*

17. *He diverteth* Tyndaris *to his Country-Seat, Boasting of the Pleasures and Conveniencies there of.*

18. To Quintilius Varus. *He commandeth to Plant the moderate Use of Wine.*

19. *He saith that he is deeply in Love with* Glycera.

20. *He promiseth* Mecœnas *a Flaggon, but a frugal One.*

21. *Upon Diana and Apollo.*

22. *Innocency is in Safety in every Place.*

22. *To* Chloe: *That now, being Marriageable, She would not shun the Society of Men so much.* 22
24. *To* Virgil. *Upon the Death of* Quintilius Varus. 23
25. *He Inveigheth over* Lydia, *since her Lovers had Forsaken her.* 24
26. *He speaketh highly in the Praise of* Ælius Lamia. ibid.
27. *He adviseth his Companions not to quarrel in their Drink.* 25
28. Archytas, *being Shipwrack'd, is brought in requesting the Mariner, as he passed by, not to leave his Body without Burial.* 26
29. *To* Iccius. *He admires that he should leave the Study of Philosophy, and turn Souldier.* 27
30. *He requesteth* Venus *to come into a Chapel that* Glycera *had dedicated to her.* 28
31. *He telleth what he would ask of* Apollo. 29
32. *To his* Harp, *which he commendeth.* 30
33. *He comforteth* Albius Tibullus, *because he was slighted by* Glycera. ibid.
34. *He accuseth himself for having followed the Epicurei, and neglected the Worship of the Gods.* 31
35. *To* Fortune. *That She would preserve* Cæsar *in his Expedition against the* Britains. ibid
36. *He congratulates* Numida's *happy Return from* Spain. 33
37. *He exhorteth his Companions to rejoyce, since* Cleopatra *was Dead.* ibid.
38. *He is best pleas'd with small Expence in Banquets.* 34

The SECOND BOOK.

ODE 1. *He adviseth* C. Asinius Pollio *to leave off the Description of the Civil Wars, there he extolleth his Works.* Page 36
2. *Not the Possession of Riches, but the Contempt, and the commendable Use of them maketh a Man happy.* 37
3. *To* Delius: *He tells him that he ought not to be cast down in Adversity, nor puffed up in Prosperity, since he must die; but moderately to rejoyce.* 38
4. *To* Phocens. *It was no Disgrace to him to be in Love with his Maid.* 39
5. *Love to a Virgin, that was too Young, must be restrain'd.* 40
6. *To* Septimius. *He wishes either at pleasant* Tibur, *or else at* Tarentum, *with him to spend his latter Days.* 41
7. *He rejoyces at* Pompeius Varus *happy Return from his unhappy Warfare.* 42
8. *To* Barine. *There is no Reason to believe her Oaths, since her Perjury to her Lovers was not punished by the Gods.* 43
9. *To* Valgius: *That he would leave off at length to lament for his Boy* Mystes. 44
10. *It is good to keep an even Mind, as well in Adversity, as Prosperity.* 45
11. *It is best to live merrily, and cast Cares aside.* ibid.
12. *To* Mecænas. *To write of weighty Matters did not suit with his Strains; it was more proper for* Mecænas *to write the Wars of* Augustus, *whilst he sung in the Praise of* Licinia. 46

13. *Upon*

13. *Upon a Tree, by the Fall of which he had like to have been Killed.* 47
14. *Death is not to be avoided.* 49
15. *He reproveth the exceſſive Coſt in the Buildings of that Age.* 50
16. *The Satisfaction of the Mind is no way to be procured, but by reſtraining the Deſires.* 51
17. *To* Mecænas, *being Sick. He ſaith that he will not ſurvive him.* 52
18. *He is contented with a moderate Fortune; theſe are deceived that ſtudy Covetouſneſs and Luxury, never thinking upon Death.* 53
19. *He is the fitter to ſing the Praiſes of* Bacchus, *becauſe he is inſpired with his Deity.* 54
20. *He ſaith that his Name ſhall be ever Famous, and in all Places.* 55

The THIRD BOOK.

ODE 1. *Happineſs does not conſiſt in Wealth and Honour, but in a moderate Eſtate, and a quiet Life.* Page 57
2. *Young Men from their Childhood ſhould be trained up in Military Diſcipline, and inured to Labour.* 59
3. *A Juſt Man feareth nothing; alſo concerning the not Repairing of* Troy. 60
4. *He thankfully profeſſeth that he had been ſafe at all times, and in all places, under the Protection of the Muſes.* 63
5. *The Praiſes of* Auguſtus; *the Diſpraiſe of* Craſſus; *the Valour of* Regulus, *his Truth and Conſtancy.* 66
6. *To the* Romans. *All the Calamity their Country lieth under proceeds from the Neglect of Worſhip, and the Corruption of good Manners.* 68
7. *He comforteth* Aſterie *concerning the Abſence of* Gyges, *and exhorteth her to Conſtancy.* 69
8. *To* Mecænas. *He gives him the Reaſon why he offers Sacrifice on the Firſt of* March. 71
9. *A Dialogue between* Horace *and* Lydia. ibid.
10. *He adviſeth* Lyce *to be a little better reconciled to him.* 73
11. *To* Mercury. *That he would teach him Strains, by which* Lyde *might be prevail'd with.* ibid.
12. *To* Neobule, *languiſhing for the Love of* Hebrus. 75
13. *To the Fountain of* Blanduſia. 76
14. *Concerning* Auguſtus's *Return from* Spain, *the* Cantaber *being overcome.* ib.
15. *To* Chloris, *become an Old Woman.* 77
16. *All things are overcame by Gold; he is contented, and liveth happy in a mean Fortune.* 78
17. *To* Ælius Lamia: *He extolleth his noble Race, then adviſeth him to live merry on the Morrow.* 80
18. *To* Faunus. *That he would be favourable to him, and his.* 81
19. *To* Telephus. *He admires at his Curiouſneſs in the Purſuit of ancient Hiſtories, and his Neglect of Pleaſure.* 82

20. *To* Pyrrhus, *that he would not endeavour to part* Neæræa *from the Maid that loved him.* 83
21. *To his Wine Vessel; he merrily desires it to afford the best of Wine in favour of* Corvinus. ibid.
22. *Upon* Diana; *to whom he consecrateth a peculiar Pine Tree.* 84
23. *The Gods are to be appeas'd only with pure Hands.* 85
24. *Upon Covetous Men.* ibid.
25. *To* Bacchus. *He being inspired by him is about to speak great things concerning* Augustus. 87
26. *To* Venus; *that She would restrain the Haughtiness of* Chloe. 88
27. *To* Galatea. *Whom he dissuadeth from going to Sea by the Example of* Europa. 89
28. Neptune's *Festival is to be spent in Mirth.* 91
29. *To* Mecænas; *he invites him to a frugal Supper, and commends the Contempt of Riches.* 92
30. *He saith the Glory of his Poetry will last for ever.* 94

The FOURTH BOOK.

ODE 1. *To* Venus. *His Age is no way suitable to Love's Purposes.* Page 96
2. *He speaks in the Praise of* Pindar. 97
3. *He saith that being by his Muse inspir'd with a poetical Fancy, his Fame will be Immortal* 99
4. *The Praises of* Drusus, *the greatest part of which he attributeth to the Instruction of* Augustus. 100
5. *To* Augustus, *that he would hasten his Return to* Rome. 103
6. *To* Apollo, *and* Diana. 104
7. *It is good to live merrily, because all things pass away.* 106
8. *To* Martius Censorinus. *He can present him with nothing but Poetry, but that's to be preferr'd before all things.* 107
9. *To* Lollius. *He saith that by his Poetry he should preserve his noble Acts from Oblivion.* 108
10. *To* Ligurinus. 110
11. *To* Phyllis: *He inviteth her to a Feast upon the Birth day of* Mecænas. ib.
12. *To* Virgil: *He describeth the Spring-Season, then inviteth him to a Banquet to be merry.* 111
13. *To* Lyce *become Old.* 112
14. *To* Augustus. *It is impossible to pay unto him Honour equal to his Merit.* 113
15. *The Praises of* Augustus. 115

The

The ODES of *HORACE.*

The FIRST BOOK.

ODE I. *To* MECÆNAS.

Several Men have several sorts of Delights; his Delight is Poetry, especially in Lyrick *Verse.*

GReat Sir, that didst from Royal Race descend,
My Safeguard, Dear, and Honourable Friend,
Some Pleasure take to run the Chariot round
The meted Compass of *Olympick* Ground,
Where Palms the Conqueror's immortal Name
Bear to the Gods upon the Wings of Fame.
This, if his Praises are proclaim'd aloud
By th' empty Acclamations of the Croud;
Another, if his Granaries do yield
The happy Product of a fruitful Field,
Pleas'd with the grateful Tillage that of old
His Ancestors successively did hold;
Not *Attalus* his Treasure shall prevail
With them to turn Adventurers, and Sail.
The Merchant in a Storm cries, O the great
Repose! and Safety of my Country Seat!

Yet Rigs anew, and hazards Rocks, and Sand,
Rather than ſink with Poverty at Land.
Some do not grudge an Afternoon to ſpend,
To drink a chearful Bottle with a Friend,
Near to ſome conſecrated Fountain's Head,
Or in a Bower, or delightful Shade.
Some love the Battle, and delight to hear
Horſe and Foot Trumpets ſound, the Matron's fear.
The Huntſman, be the Weather what it will,
Purſues his Chace, a Stag, or Boar to kill;
Caſting all Conjugal Delights aſide,
Forgets his Children, and his charming Bride.
Ivy, the bright Reward of Arts, ſhall be
That which ſhall Equalize the Gods and Me;
Retired Groves, where Nymphs and Satyrs ſport,
Shall raiſe me higher than the Vulgar ſort,
And if *Euterpe* will not me diſdain,
But help my Fancy with a lively ſtrain,
And *Polyhymnia* be kind, and ſay,
I'll tune my Harp, and teach thee how to play;
Then if, amongſt the *Lyrick* Conſort, I
May bear a Part, I'll touch a Key ſo high,
That lofty Strains ſhall raiſe me to the Sky.

ODE II. *To* Augustus Cæsar.

The Gods were all Offended at the Murder of Julius Cæſar; *the whole Hope of the Empire is in* Auguſtus.

ENough, Great *Jove*, enough our Land has ſeen,
Of thy fierce Storms, great have our ſuff'rings been.
Thy Lightnings have our ſacred Tow'rs caſt down,
And threatning Omens terrify'd the Town;

Scar'd

Scar'd all the Nations, left thy furious Rain
Should bring the former Deluge down again:
When frightful Shapes did *Pyrrha* ſore diſmay
To ſee Sea-Monſters on the Mountains play,
And the finn'd Race diſpers'd the Foreſt o'er,
Where the fond Turtles late and coo'd before;
The Deer, that did with freedom range the Woods,
Were then compell'd to ſwim upon the Floods.
We ſaw the *Tyber* violently run
Quite backward, and the *Tyrrhene* Ocean ſhun,
And ſwell'd with Indignation fiercely flow,
Great *Numa*'s Palace Walls to overthrow.
And *Veſta*'s Houſe, whilſt *Ilia* thus he chears,
My Floods ſhall take Revenge for all thy Tears;
And turning from his Courſe, enrag'd did come
With foaming Waves to drown perfidious *Rome*.
The foll'wing Age, grown thin thro' *Rome*'s black Crimes,
Shall hear of Civil Wars, and Bloody Times;
Hear how the *Romans* did by *Romans* fall,
Whoſe Swords much better would the *Parthian* gall.
Which of the Gods ſhall ſinking *Rome* entreat
To ſuccour the diſtreſſed Empire's State?
How ſhall the Holy Veſtal Maids repair
To angry *Veſta*, who neglects their Pray'r?
What Deity ſhall *Jupiter* ordain
To expiate the Foulneſs of the Stain?
Apollo, with thy cloudy Mantle, come
And ſave us from our juſt deſerved Doom:
Or ſmiling *Venus*, round whoſe charming Eye,
A Thouſand Jeſts, and waggiſh *Cupids* fly:

Or thou, All-conqu'ring *Mars*, commiſerate
Our ſad Misfortune, and thy Kindred's Fate;
Thou that, alas! art glutted with Delights,
Whom the ſhrill Trumpets pleaſe, and bloody Fights,
And the *Moor*'s warlike Countenance, when he
Looks ſtern upon the daring Enemy:
Or elſe thou, ſprightly *Mercury*, appear
In the bright Perſon of *Auguſtus* here,
Pleas'd to be ſtyl'd the Glorious, and the Good,
And juſt Revenger of Great *Cæſar*'s Blood.
Late to the Gods may'ſt thou return, and may
Rome long enjoy thy Conqueſts, and thy Stay;
Nor may our Crimes provoke thy Wrath ſo high,
As to depart, and in bright Air to fly;
But ſtay, and Triumph here, and chooſe to be
The Prince, and General of our Country:
Nor let the *Medes* thus unrevenged ride,
As now they do, Great *Cæſar* being Guide.

ODE III.

He wiſheth Safety to the Ship that was to carry Virgil *to* Athens; *then he inveigheth againſt the Raſhneſs of Mankind.*

SO may the ſmiling Star of *Venus* ſhine,
And bright auſpicious Twins of *Leda* join,
And *Æolus* ſend forth a proſp'rous Gale,
To haſten on the Veſſel under Sail;
That my beloved *Virgil* may paſs o'er,
For *Athens* bound, with Safety to the Shore.
Audacious He, that firſt, in hopes of Gain,
Lanch'd a frail Ship into the treach'rous Main;
No Doubts, or Dangers could affect his Mind,
Nor dreaded Shipwrack, nor tempeſtuous Wind,

Nor

Nor Southwinds fear'd, that have command t'appeale,
Or swell at Will the *Adriatick* Seas.
What kind of Death would e'er affrighten Him,
That hath beheld strange ghastly Fishes swim;
Seen the rough Seas, and fearless passed by
Tall craggy Rocks, amazing to the Eye?
In vain did God the Sea from Land divide,
If Ships a-cross th' unfathom'd Ocean ride.
Mankind, that all things dares attempt, does run
Rashly on things Forbidden to be done.
Prometheus, vainly bold, stole Fire from *Jove*,
And brought it down to Mortals from above:
Soon as the fatal Spark did come to Ground,
Pale Leanness, and new Fevers compass'd round;
And the slow Motion of resistless Fate
Came faster to the Period of our Date.
With fatal Wings rash *Icarus* did try,
In a forbidden Element to fly.
Amongst his Labours *Hercules* did go,
And enter Hell whe're *Pluto* would, or no:
Nothing's too hard for Mortals here beluw.
We madly do attempt t'invade the Sky,
And bid Defiance to the Gods on high,
Nor suffer *Jove* to lay his Thunder by.

ODE IV. *To* L. Sextius.

A Description of the Spring; the Brevity of Life, therefore Pleasure's to be taken.

SOft Western Gales do happy Tidings bring,
Cold Winter's chang'd into a welcome Spring;
And joyful Seamen, weary of the Land,
With Engines tow their Shipping from the Sand.

Now

Now Flocks and Herds of Cattle, great and small,
Spread o'er the Pastures, and neglect their Stall:
The Husbandman does to his Plow retire,
And sits no longer Idle by the Fire;
The hoary Frosts are vanish'd from the Plain,
And Meadows cloath'd in flower'd Green again.
Bright *Venus* Nymphs, now by the Light of Moon,
Dance Minuets, and some the Rigadoon;
Whilst *Vulcan*, at his Anvil, melts in Grease,
And the *Cyclopian*'s Sweat runs down their Face.
Now Myrtle Wreaths will well become thy Brow,
Or Flowers that in open Fields do grow.
To *Faunus* Offer now a tender Lamb,
Or Kid, that's newly taken from the Dam.
Impartial Death stands nigh at ev'ry Door,
The Palace, and the Cottage of the Poor.
O happy *Sextius*, it is all in vain,
In a short Life long Hopes to entertain.
Thou to the Shades must go, where once Deceas'd,
None throw for Governors of Wine, or Feast;
Nor shalt thou then Fair *Lycidas* admire,
The Young Men's Love, e'er long the Maid's Desire.

ODE V. *To* PYRRHA.

Those are Miserable that are entangled with the Love of Pyrrha: *He professeth Himself to have escaped from her Enticements, as from Shipwrack.*

WHat Stripling, *Pyrrha*, what Perfumed Boy,
Is thy lewd Art contriving to decoy;
Entic'd by thee to some lone Cave, or Grove,
Fit for thy private Purposes of Love?
For whom dost thou in sober Dress appear,
With clean, and modest Tire to thy Hair?

How

How oft, alas! will the poor Captive grieve,
That does thy promis'd Conſtancy believe?
When he perceives that pleaſant ſmiling Face
Change, and look Frowning, as the angry Seas,
And *Venus*, and her Son, depart and fly,
And all the Gods quite Vaniſh'd that were nigh.
Unhappy, and too Miſerable He,
That unexperienc'd ſets his Love on Thee!
To *Neptune* I have Offer'd up my Store,
Since I eſcaped Shipwrack on thy Shore.

ODE VI. *To* AGRIPPA.

His Warlike Actions ought to be written by Varius: *He was more fit to ſing of Banquets, and of Love.*

LET *Varius* Pen thy Victories proclaim
In Verſe becoming thy Heroick Fame,
Relate thy Conqueſts, both by Sea and Land,
When thou the *Roman* Forces didſt Command,
Renown'd *Agrippa*, Things too high for me,
Nor can my Muſe exert the Bravery
Of ſtout *Achilles*, or *Ulyſſes* ſing,
Sad *Pelops* Murder flats the Muſick ſtring,
Such great Attempts beyond our Pow'r do fall,
Great Thoughts and Actions never ſuit with Small;
And my ſoft Harp would fail in ſounding forth
The Praiſes of *Auguſtus*, and thy Worth.
What Poet ever yet did rightly know
To draw ſtern *Mars* in Armour, or to ſhow
Valiant *Meriones*, that Fighting ſtood
Beſmear'd all o'er with *Trojan* Duſt and Blood;
Or *Diomedes*, that no Mortal Arm,
By *Pallas* ſav'd, could ever wound, or harm?

We

We only Banquets ſing, and Virgins tell,
That ſcratch their Lovers when they Love them well;
Love Stories write, as *Venus* guides our Pen,
And may be Love a little now, and then.

ODE VII. *To* MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Some are pleas'd with one Place, ſome with another; Tibur was the wiſhed Place of his Abode: Wine a ſovereign Remedy againſt Cares.

SOme *Rhodes* admire, ſome *Mitylene* praiſe,
Some wiſh at *Epheſus* to ſpend their Days,
Others delight in pleaſant *Corinth*'s Charms,
Clipt by two Seas in double-folding Arms;
By ſome fair *Thebes*, by others *Delphi*'s priz'd,
Where Great *Apollo*'s Oracle advis'd;
Some others ſmitten tell a pleaſing Tale
Of the delightful, and rich *Tempe*'s Vale.
Some make't their Buſ'neſs in long-winded Verſe,
The Praiſe of Learned *Athens* to rehearſe,
Say that fam'd Place, and *Olive* Plant to be,
The faireſt City, and the fineſt Tree.
Some *Argos* praiſe for Horſe of famous Breed,
Some the *Mycenians*, that in Gold exceed.
Not me does *Lacedæmon* ſo delight,
Nor rich *Lariſſa*'s Valley ſo invite,
As murmuring *Albunea*'s Chriſtal Head,
Swift *Anio*'s Stream, and cool *Tiburnus* Shade,
And pleaſant Gardens, that adjacent lie,
With Rivulets delightful to the Eye.
Conſider, *Plancus*, various Winds that riſe,
Some blow up Clouds, and others clear the Skies:
So wiſely thou, when Troubles thee infeſt,
With Wine repel the Sorrow from thy Breaſt;

In

In Peace, or War, Wine will Refreſhment yield,
Good Wine is very Cordial in the Field.
When Baniſh'd *Teucer* from his Father flew,
And left beloved *Salamina* too,
Yet Wreath'd with Poplar, to his Friends he ſaid,
My brave Companions never be diſmay'd;
Events below are order'd all by Fate,
Fortune may ſmile, altho' my Father hate.
My valiant Mates, we'll all together go
To any Country, that the Gods ſhall ſhow;
The Fates for us a Being will provide:
Courage, my Friends, 'tis *Teucer* is your Guide.
Beſides, *Apollo*'s Oracle did ſay,
Go on, bold *Teucer*, I'll direct thy way;
Leave all to Fate, and bear a val'rous Mind,
Thou ſhalt a better *Salamina* find.
Brave gallant Men, that have with me gone through
More Brunts, and Hazards, than may happen now,
Drink off your Wine, and ſet your Cares aſide,
To Morrow we'll upon the Ocean ride.

ODE VIII. *To* LYDIA.

He takes Notice of Sybaris, *a Young Man, that having left off all commendable Exerciſes, was taken up wholly with the Love of* Lydia.

INform me, *Lydia*, what ſhould be the Cauſe,
That *Sybaris*, entangled with thy Charms,
Effeminate, and careleſs of Applauſe,
Does quit the Field of Honour, and his Arms?
He, that of late could weather Heat, and Cold,
Whom no Fatigue, or Diſcipline could tire,
That was ſo briſk, ſo hardy, and ſo bold,
Leaves all, and only *Lydia* does admire.

Why don't we ſee him Manfully beſtride
The Manag'd Horſe, and with a skilful Hand,
Like the brave Warlike *Macedonian* ride,
That only could *Bucephalus* command?
What is the Reaſon, he ſo much of late
Does fear to Swim in *Tiber*'s curled Stream?
Why does he worſe than deadly Poiſon hate
The Liſt where Wreſtlers do contend for Fame?
Nor does he now bear Arms, or try to throw
At Quoits, or over-hand to peck the Bar;
Or by expert Activity to ſhow
How near the Mark he caſteth, or how far.
Why does he lurk behind, as once they ſay
Achilles did, e'er *Troy* was ſet on Fire?
'Tis moſt ſecure for *Sybaris* to ſtay
In *Lydia*'s Shelter, and a Female Tire.

ODE IX. *To* THALIARCHUS.

In cold Winter it is good to drink Wine, and to Rejoyce.

LOOK yonder, ſee *Soracte* clad in Snow,
How cold and comfortleſs the Mountains ſhow!
The Groves, that with becoming Greens are ſpread,
Under their Snowy Burthen hang the Head;
And Rivers, that congealing Froſts do bind,
Within an Icy Priſon are confin'd.
Then, *Thaliarchus*, draw the Wine that's Old,
And make good Fires to keep out the Cold:
Leave to the Gods the reſt; who, when they pleaſe,
Can calm the Winds, that ruffle on the Seas,
And then th' unſhaken Woods will be at eaſe.

Ne'er

Ne'er think on what to Morrow ſhall produce,
But of the preſent Day and Hour make uſe,
The Gods to thee another may refuſe.
With kind Embrace thy pleaſant Miſtreſs greet,
Frequent the Balls where jolly Dancers meet;
Whilſt Youth does hold, be merry, brisk, and gay,
'Twill all be over when thy Hairs are grey.
Uſe martial Exerciſe whilſt in thy Pow'r,
And meet at Night to whiſper thy Amour;
With ſportly Maidens play at hide and ſeek,
That tell their Hiding-places by a Squeak;
Snatch off their Bracelets, Rings, and Gloves, and then
They know thoſe Trinkets thee engage agen.

ODE X. *To* MERCURY.

POlite refined *Mercury*, the Race
Of mighty *Atlas*, who with Speech, and Grace
Varniſheſt rough-hew'd Mortals, and do'ſt know
As much as the *Academy* can ſhow;
I thee proclaim the Meſſenger of *Jove*,
And ſpeedy Herauld of the Gods above;
Inventer of the Harp, to underſtand
To Thieve by Waggery, and Sleight of Hand.
When with *Apollo* thou a Trick didſt play,
And cunningly his Oxen ſtol'ſt away,
He frown'd, and bid thee keep them to thy coſt,
But ſmiled when he found his Quiver loſt.
King *Priam*, marvelouſly led by thee
Th' *Atrides* 'ſcap'd, and Guards of *Theſſaly*,
Deceiv'd the *Grecian* Centry's, and at laſt
Unſeen, unknown, ſafe to *Achilles* paſt.

The pious Souls, that the juſt Gods do pleaſe,
Thou lead'ſt to Seats of Happineſs, and Peace,
But thoſe, that *Jove* will not obey, or know,
Thou driveſt down to *Pluto*'s Shades below.

ODE XI. *To* LEUCONOE.

It is good to take Pleaſure, ſetting aſide Cares for the future.

'TIS wrong, my Friend, t' endeavour to foreſee,
Or know the Secrets of the Gods Decree,
Or by forbidden Arts to calculate
Our Term of Life, that's meaſur'd out by Fate.
'Tis better far to let thoſe Troubles go,
Whether we live another Year, or no:
Long Reckonings, and Hopes of Life ne'er come
To any Profit, when we caſt the Sum;
Rejoyce to Day with comfortable Wine,
Thou art not ſure to Morrow will be thine.

ODE XII. *To* AUGUSTUS.

The Gods and ancient Heroes firſt, then he Praiſes Auguſtus.

WHat God, my Muſe, or Heroe wilt thou ſing,
Or praiſe in Lyrick Muſick on the String?
Either amidſt the Shades of *Helicon*,
Or on *Arcadian Pindus*, or upon
Cold *Hæmus*, where fam'd *Orpheus*, by his Skill,
Tun'd till the Woods Danc'd after from the Hill;
Inſtructed by *Calliope* to play,
He with his Harp would ſtormy Winds allay,
Make rapid Streams to hear his Muſick ſtay.
To *Jove* the firſt of all our Praiſe we owe,
Who Governs all Above, and all Below;

Who chears the Earth when frozen Winter's gone,
And brings a pleaſant happy Seaſon on;
He, the chief Ruler, does the Scepter bear,
Nor any with his Greatneſs ſhall compare.
Next *Pallas* at a diſtance takes her Place,
A Goddeſs riſen from a Kingly Race.
Nor will I thee, brave Valiant *Bacchus*, paſs,
That giveſt Wine, that ſparkles in the Glaſs;
Nor thee, the noted Huntreſs, that do'ſt know,
Nice as *Apollo*, how to bend the Bow.
I'll tell what Valiant *Hercules* could do,
I'll ſing of *Caſtor*, and of *Pollux* too,
Whoſe lucky Star, when once it does appear,
Frees the aſtoniſh'd Mariner from Fear,
The Winds are huſh'd, Clouds vaniſh, Storms do ceaſe,
And *Thetis* looks with Smiling in her Face.
May *Romulus* my Muſe next entertain,
Or *Numa*'s Vertue, and his peaceful Reign?
Shall I relate brave *Priſcus* Fame, or tell,
How like a gallant Roman *Cato* fell?
Brave *Regulus*, and the *Scauri* I'll rehearſe,
Æmilius Paulus too, in Sapphick Verſe;
Too much of Honour Fortune did foreſtall,
When *Hannibal* had Glory by their Fall.
Shall I *Fabricius* paſs, and nothing ſay
Of him, who was the Glory of his Day;
Him, and rough *Curius*, and *Camillus* great,
Famous for Warfare from a mean Eſtate?
Marcellus Fame is with his Years increas'd:
The *Julian* Star out-ſhineth all the reſt.

Great

Great *Jove*, thou mighty Ruler of the Earth,
That from the glorious *Saturn* hadſt thy Birth,
Reign thou in Chief, and let *Auguſtus* be
Vicegerent in the lower Realms to thee;
May he by Conqueſt foreign Countries take,
And thou by Thunder tall *Olympus* ſhake,
And ſend revengeful Lightnings from above,
To ſpoil the Pride of each defiled Grove.

ODE XIII. *To* LYDIA.

HORACE *makes Himſelf Jealous, and falls foul upon his Rival.*

WHen, *Lydia*, thou young *Telephus* do'ſt praiſe,
Thou ſtrik'ſt my Senſes all into amaze;
I fall Diſtracted. See my Boſom ſwell,
I'd hide my Paſſion, but my Thoughts rebel;
My Cheeks, like Death it ſelf, look pale and wan,
And Tears reveal my Love, do what I can.
I tremble, when I ſee him drunk with Wine,
Abuſe thoſe Ivory Arms, and Breaſts of thine,
That madly loves, and on thy Lips does leave
A Mark, for to remember what he gave.
Believe me, *Lydia*, he'll ne'er Conſtant be,
That murders Kiſſes to that high degree;
Kiſſes, that *Venus* has perfum'd with ſweet,
Where fragrant *Nectar*, and *Ambroſia* meet.
Thrice happy thoſe, and more by *Hymen* made,
Whoſe Joys no Strife, or Anger does invade;
Whoſe Love united, ſtedfaſt does remain,
'Till Death diſſolves the *Adamantine* Chain.

ODE XIV.

The Civil War *never to be Begun again.*

O Common-wealth of *Rome*, Woe be to thee,
New Storms will force thy Veſſel out to Sea;
What do'ſt thou mean? Think on the Dangers paſt,
Keep cloſe in Harbour, ſtick at Anchor faſt.
Do'ſt not perceive thy Ship in Peril ride,
Her Maſt diſabled, hurt in her Broad-ſide,
Her Sail-yards broken, and her Rigging tore,
Her Cables loſt? The naked Hulk no more
Can live at Sea, when angry Billows roar.
The Gods diſpleas'd, at thy Entreaties frown,
Nor will aſſiſt thee, now the Maſt is down,
Although a ſtately Pine in *Pontus* bred,
Yet now compell'd to lower its proud Head;
The cautious Mariner doth not rely
On painted Ships, made gawdy to the Eye.
Look to it, *Rome*, leſt thou e'er long do'ſt find
Thy ſelf be made a Bubble to the Wind:
Thou, that was't once my Labour, now my Care,
Decline too nigh the *Cyclades* to ſteer,
Where nought but Death, and Shipwrack does appear.

ODE XV.

A Prophecy concerning the Deſtruction of Troy.

PErfidious *Paris*, when he brought
Fair *Helen* off by Stealth from *Greece*,
Flatter'd himſelf that he had got
A Prize beyond the *Golden Fleece*;

But

But *Nereus* ſtopp'd him by the way,
And told him, *Paris*, thou wilt find,
Thou for thy Fraud wilt dearly pay,
Thou'dſt better left thy Prize behind;
Brave Captains will beſet thee round,
With Valiant *Greeks* at their Command,
And fetch ſtol'n *Helen* from *Troy*'s Ground,
And take away King *Priam*'s Land.
Ah, what a Siege will then begin!
Mars round the Walls in Blood ſhall ride,
And *Pallas* drive her Chariot in,
With Fury on the *Grecian* Side.
Nor *Venus* Smiles, nor *Helen*'s Charms
Will then defend thee from a Wound,
'Midſt Trumpets, and War's loud Alarms,
Thy Harp muſt not pretend to Sound.
Beauty, and Love's Intrigues will fail
To guard thee from the Dart, and Spear,
Swift *Ajax* ſoon will thee aſſail,
And drag thee by th' Adulterous Hair.
Do'ſt thou not Bold *Ulyſſes* ſee,
And *Neſtor*, that may thee affright?
There *Sthenelus*, and *Teucer* be,
That Puſh it on in Heat of Fight.
Merion, *Diomedes* too,
As Brave as his Old Sire paſt,
With Fury, and Revenge purſue,
Thy boaſted Courage flies as faſt.
Troy's Fate ſhall be deferr'd a Space,
Occaſion'd by *Achilles* Ire;
After a Time that Famed Place
Shall be Deſtroy'd by *Grecian* Fire.

ODE XVI.

A Recantation to his Miſtreſs, whom he had Affronted.

THou, that in Charms thy Mother do'ſt exceed,
Thou fairer Daughter of a graceful Breed,
Excuſe my rough Iambicks, and, what e'er
Thou ſhalt inflict, ſubmiſſively I'll bear;
If in the Flames their Puniſhment muſt be,
Or to be caſt in th' *Adriatick* Sea;
There let the Floods, or Fire my Verſe conſume,
That I may know the utmoſt of my Doom.
Not *Cybel*'s, nor *Apollo*'s Prieſts, nor they
That Sacrifices unto *Bacchus* pay,
Nor *Corybantes*, when enrag'd they meet,
And rattle Cymbals up and down the Street,
Are ſo inſpir'd, have ſo much Rage infus'd,
As Lovers have, if once they are miſ-us'd;
The Sea, nor Sword, nor *Jupiter*'s ſtern Face
Can keep them from Revenging of their Caſe.
Prometheus was enforced, as they ſay,
To add unto our Modicum of Clay
A little from each Brute, of which one Part
He grafted in, was the fierce *Lion*'s Heart,
And that ſtern Nature rules ſometimes in all.
Sad *Pelop*'s Houſe by black Revenge did fall;
Many a City, and proud ſtately Town
Anger has undermin'd, and tumbled down,
And was the Cauſe that *Troy*'s Foundations now
Are Furrow'd over by the *Grecian* Plow.
Be Reconcil'd; a Slight in youthful Blood,
Made my Iambicks in an angry Mood.
But now in milder Terms, upon the Stage,
I openly ask Pardon for my Rage;

Hoping, when all the Storms are Overpaſt,
Thou'lt favour my Addreſſes at the laſt.

ODE XVII.

He Inviteth Tyndaris *to his Country-Seat, Boaſting of the Pleaſures and Conveniencies thereof.*

FAunus does oft exchange th' *Arcadian* Fields,
For the Delights my Situation yields;
Leaves dear *Lycæus* his beloved Seat,
And ſhelters all my Flocks from Storms and Heat.
My She-Goats ſafely wander out for Food,
To ſeek wild Thyme, and Arbute in the Wood;
No Snakes hid in the Graſs my Sheep affright,
Nor Wolves infeſt my quiet Folds by Night;
Here, *Tyndaris*, when thou ent'reſt on my Ground,
The rural Muſick will ſalute thee round.
The Gods, that good Intentions ne'er refuſe,
Do favour my Endeavours, and my Muſe.
The Vines, and Fruit-trees ſhall produce their ſtore,
And give thee here the Plenty that they bore;
Here in a ſhady Vale thou ſhalt decline
The Dog-ſtar's Fury, and the ſultry Line.
What rival Loves, in amorous Verſe we'll tell,
'Twixt *Circe*, and *Penelope* befel.
Here thou ſhalt drink true wholeſom *Lesbian* Wine,
Pure from the Grape, rich to thy Taſt, and Fine;
All ſhall be Joy, and Pleaſure, nought of War,
'Twere rude of *Mars*, where *Venus* ſmiles, to jar.
Nor need'ſt thou thy Offended *Cyrus* fear,
Leſt Jealous he thy chaſter Robes ſhould tear,
Or ſever the bright Garland from thy Hair.

ODE

ODE XVIII. To Quintilius Varus.

He commendeth to him the moderate Use of Wine.

Varus, thou can'ſt not plant a better Tree
Than Vines, that thriving near to *Tibur* be:
For *Jove* joins Cares unto th' abſtemious Part,
And nothing then but Wine will chear the Heart.
Who ever heard a Souldier to complain,
Amidſt his Wine, of Wounds he did ſuſtain?
Or over a full Bowl, who e'er did cry,
I am in Want, and pine for Poverty?
But rather Sonnets ſing in *Bacchus* Praiſe,
Or high Encomiums unto *Venus* raiſe?
But leſt ſome ſhould exceed the Bounds, and go
Farther than *Bacchus* modeſtly does ſhow,
Let them conſider of the drunken Fight
Betwixt the *Centaurs*, and the *Lapithite*,
And of the *Thracians*, who when Drunk, and Mad,
No Medium hold betwixt the Good, and Bad.
Moſt Reverend *Bacchus*, I in Duty ſay,
I'll take thy ſober Counſel, and Obey;
Nor will I in a drunken, frantick Mood,
Expoſe my ſelf in Publick to the Croud:
Nor let me, Father *Bacchus*, ſound my Horn,
Nor Boaſt my ſelf, and others hold in Scorn;
Nor may I in my Wine be Indiſcreet,
And tell my Secrets unto all I meet.

ODE XIX.

He ſaith that he is deeply in Love with Glycera.

Venus, by whom Loves Pleaſures are cater'd on,
And *Semele*'s brave, hopeful, jolly Son,

Hoping, when all the Storms are overpaſt,
Thou'lt favour my Addreſſes at the laſt.

ODE XVII.

He Inviteth Tyndaris *to his Country-Seat, Boaſting of the Pleaſures and Conveniencies thereof.*

FAunus does oft exchange th' *Arcadian* Fields,
For the Delights my Situation yields;
Leaves dear *Lycæus* his beloved Seat,
And ſhelters all my Flocks from Storms and Heat.
My She-Goats ſafely wander out for Food,
To ſeek wild Thyme, and Arbute in the Wood;
No Snakes hid in the Graſs my Sheep affright,
Nor Wolves infeſt my quiet Folds by Night;
Here, *Tyndaris*, when thou ent'reſt on my Ground,
The rural Muſick will ſalute thee round.
The Gods, that good Intentions ne'er refuſe,
Do favour my Endeavours, and my Muſe.
The Vines, and Fruit-trees ſhall produce their ſtore,
And give thee here the Plenty that they bore;
Here in a ſhady Vale thou ſhalt decline
The Dog-ſtar's Fury, and the ſultry Line.
What rival Loves, in amorous Verſe we'll tell,
'Twixt *Circe*, and *Penelope* befel.
Here thou ſhalt drink true wholeſom *Lesbian* Wine,
Pure from the Grape, rich to thy Taſt, and Fine;
All ſhall be Joy, and Pleaſure, nought of War,
'Twere rude of *Mars*, where *Venus* ſmiles, to jar.
Nor need'ſt thou thy Offended *Cyrus* fear,
Leſt Jealous he thy chaſter Robes ſhould tear,
Or ſever the bright Garland from thy Hair.

ODE XVIII. To Quintilius Varus.

He commendeth to him the moderate Use of Wine.

Varus, thou can'ſt not plant a better Tree
Than Vines, that thriving near to *Tibur* be:
For *Jove* joins Cares unto th' abſtemious Part,
And nothing then but Wine will chear the Heart.
Who ever heard a Souldier to complain,
Amidſt his Wine, of Wounds he did ſuſtain?
Or over a full Bowl, who e'er did cry,
I am in Want, and pine for Poverty?
But rather Sonnets ſing in *Bacchus* Praiſe,
Or high Encomiums unto *Venus* raiſe?
But leſt ſome ſhould exceed the Bounds, and go
Farther than *Bacchus* modeſtly does ſhow,
Let them conſider of the drunken Fight
Betwixt the *Centaurs*, and the *Lapithite*,
And of the *Thracians*, who when Drunk, and Mad,
No Medium hold betwixt the Good, and Bad.
Moſt Reverend *Bacchus*, I in Duty ſay,
I'll take thy ſober Counſel, and Obey;
Nor will I in a drunken, frantick Mood,
Expoſe my ſelf in Publick to the Croud:
Nor let me, Father *Bacchus*, ſound my Horn,
Nor Boaſt my ſelf, and others hold in ſcorn;
Nor may I in my Wine be Indiſcreet,
And tell my Secrets unto all I meet.

ODE XIX.

He ſaith that he is deeply in Love with Glycera.

Venus, by whom Love's Pleaſures are cate'd on,
And *Semele*'s brave, hopeful, jolly Son,

And Liberty, that I too much did take,
To talk with Maids for Converſation ſake,
Did cauſe me from the Sleep of Love to wake;
When all was over, as I thought, and done,
Love Dealt afreſh, and a new Game begun.
Fair *Glycera* my Priſon'd Thoughts confines,
That Clearer than the *Parian* Marble ſhines;
I burn when I her pretty Frowns eſpy,
And Face that dazles the admiring Eye.
Venus has took Poſſeſſion of my Mind,
And her beloved *Cyprus* left behind;
Nor *Scythians* lets me, nor bold *Parthians* tell,
That in Retreat behave themſelves ſo well,
That with their flying Horſe will wheel about,
And after give the Enemy the Rout;
With Lover's Fancies flatters me along,
That's now the only Burthen of my Song.
Here, Bring me Turf, I can no longer wait,
I burn in Love, I'll rear an Altar ſtrait,
And Sacrifice to *Venus*, may be then
She'll kindle Love in *Glycera* agen.

ODE XX.

He promiſeth Mecænas *a Banquet, but a frugal One.*

SInce Thou do'ſt condeſcend to be my Gueſt,
Great *Roman* Knight, accept a Country Feaſt;
Wine from my *Sabine* Vineyard, rough and ſound,
I'll give thee in ſmall Jars, kept under Ground
E'er ſince the Time *Rome* did thy Fame ſet forth,
And made the Theatre proclaim thy Worth,
That did ſo loud in Acclamations ring,
That neighb'ring Echoes did thy Praiſes ſing.

Thou

Thou drink'ſt the Choiceſt of all ſorts of Wine
From foreign Countries, that exceedeth mine:
Noble *Mecænas*, what I have is free,
And thy Acceptance my Reward ſhall be.

ODE XXI.

Upon Diana *and* Apollo.

COme, tender Virgins, in your Garb appear,
And ſing *Diana* with your Voices clear;
Lads of like Number, and of equal Grace,
To ſing *Apollo*'s Praiſes is your Place;
And ſing *Latona*, Miſtreſs unto *Jove*,
Say how beyond Compare ſhe won his Love.
Maids, it belongs to you for to recite,
Her that in Groves, and Fountains does delight,
That ranges all the Foreſts, and does know,
Nicely to Kill the Wild-foot with her Bow.
Ye Males, to *Tempe* next Encomiums raiſe,
And ſpeak in *Delos* of *Apollo*'s Praiſe;
That well the Harp, and well the Quiver knew,
And Dreadful *Python* with his Arrows ſlew.
Apollo, for your Zeal, will keep from hence
The Sword, ſharp Famine, and dire Peſtilence,
And make the *Perſians*, and the *Britains* bear,
What otherwiſe might happen to *Rome*'s ſhare.

ODE XXII.

Innocency is in Safety in every Place.

THat Man whoſe Life's unblameable, and free
From the foul Stains of Crime, and Infamy,
No Javelin wants, nor Armour of Defence,
Fuſcus, to guard his ſpotleſs Innocence:

He

He through the Defart Sands of *Affrick* may
Securely pass, nor will the Beasts of Prey
Attempt to set upon him by the way.
For as amidst the *Sabine* Woods I went,
Singing my *Lalage*, and Innocent,
Free from all Fear, a savage Wolf drew nigh,
That at first sight from me unarm'd did fly:
Nor one so Large could Warlike *Daunia* boast,
In her wide Beechen Woods, nor *Juba's* Coast,
The Sun-burnt Nurse to the fell *Lion's* Race,
Within the Compass of her Sandy Chace.
Let me to that dull Climate be confin'd,
Where no refreshing Sun, or gentle Wind
Chears the sad Fields, and Groves, but Snow and Rain,
And dismal Weather still afflict the Plain:
Or else compel me to the torrid Zone,
Where *Phœbus* is th' Inhabitant alone;
I'll *Lalage* still love in my Exile,
With Charms, and Musick, in her Talk, and Smile.

ODE XXIII. *To* CHLOE.

That now, being Marriageable, she would not Scorn the Society of Men so very much.

Chloe, thou fly'st me like some frighted Fawn,
Left by her Dam a sleeping on some Lawn,
That waking, through By-ways amaz'd runs on,
To find the Covert where her Nurse is gone;
Distrustful of each gentle Wind that blows,
Or fans the Leaves, she trembles as she goes;
Or if some *Lizard* does by Chance appear,
Or move the Shrubs, her Heart does beat for Fear.
Chloe, be not afraid, I don't pursue
Thee, as the *Lions*, and the *Tigers* do,

To

To tear thoſe tender Shapes ſo nicely made;
It is for Love I trace thee to the Shade.
'Tis Time to leave thy Mother, never fly,
And She will tell thee ſo as well as I;
And ſpeak the Truth, and from thy Conſcience ſay,
Whether you think you ought to Run away;
For I am ſure, Deny it if you can,
Although you fly, you do not fear a Man.

ODE XXIV. *To* VIRGIL.

Upon the Death of Quintilius Varus.

WHO can with Tears enough bewail the End
Of ſuch a true, and well-beloved Friend?
Aſſiſt me, Muſe, inſpire my Thoughts, that I
May write a decent, mournful Elegy
For the Deceaſed. And is *Varus* Dead?
Shall he no more raiſe up his ſleeping Head?
Ah, where ſhall we his Equal ever find
For Faithfulneſs, and Honour, left behind?
By ſundry Men of Worth he griev'd does fall,
By thee lamented, *Virgil*, moſt of all.
In vain thou do'ſt implore the Gods, in vain,
To give *Quintilius Varus* back again.
If ſoft as *Orpheus* thou could'ſt touch the Lyre,
And make the liſtning Woods thy Songs admire,
Yet could'ſt thou not fetch back, with all thy Play,
The Soul, to re-aſſume its former Clay,
Which *Mercury*, not Pitiful inclin'd,
Has once within the lower Shades confin'd.
Hard; but with Patience eaſier to endure,
The only Balm for Wounds that have no cure.

ODE

ODE XXV.

He Inſulteth over Lydia, *ſince her Lovers had Forſaken her.*

IT is not, *Lydia*, now as heretofore,
No rapping at thy Caſement, or thy Door;
Thou may'ſt without Diſturbance now Sleep on,
Thy Beauty, and Admirers too are gone:
Thou leſs and leſs, ſhalt ev'ry Night perceive,
Thee Serenaders of thy Reſt bereave.
Haſt thou me, *Lydia*, at a Diſtance kept
In Cruelty long tedious Nights, and ſlept?
Now thou art rightly ſerved in thy kind;
Old, but retaining yet a wanton Mind,
Thou in cold Nights ſhalt trace the Streets, and cry,
To ſee the Debauchees all look awry;
When Paſſion, and inſatiate Deſire,
Shall kindle in thy Breaſt a raging Fire,
And make thee ſorely to Complain, and ſay,
Young Girls have ſtole my Lovers all away.
Youth's pleas'd with Youth cladin its Summer's Dreſs,
But ſlights the wither'd, antiquated Face.

ODE XXVI.

He ſpeaketh highly in the Praiſe of Ælius Lamia.

THE Muſes ſtanding by my Side,
As they I hope will be my Guide;
My Fears, and Cares away I'll caſt
To Sea, by the next lucky Blaſt:
Nor will I have at all to do
With what the Northern Kings purſue;
What *Tiridates* does affright;
Stand faſt, my Muſe, and I am right.

Pim-

Pimplean Maid, that lov'ſt to dream
Of Fountains, and a Chriſtal Stream,
For *Ælius* let a Crown be made
Of Flowers that will never fade.
Aſſiſt me, Muſe, in *Lamia*'s Praiſe,
That cannot fit Encomiums raiſe;
Play new Sonatos on the Harp,
Melodious Muſick, flat, and ſharp:
'Tis proper the whole Choir be by,
And join in Lyrick Harmony.

ODE XXVII.

He adviſeth his Companions not to quarrel in their Drink.

WIne, that was only by the Gods deſign'd
To clear the cloudy Solitude of Mind,
And chear the Heart, if to worſe Purpoſe us'd,
The Gods Deſign, and Bleſſing is abus'd.
Such as do quarrel, 'tis by all allow'd,
Good Wine on them is very ill beſtow'd.
To Fight's the *Thracian* way, leave off for Shame,
Or never mention modeſt *Bacchus* Name:
His Meaning muſt not thus be underſtood,
To have his Purple Claret turn'd to Blood;
No Reconcilement ever can be made
Betwixt a Banquet, and a *Perſian* Blade.
Forbear, my Friends, Jars that occaſion harm,
Drink ſoberly, reſt gently on your Arm.
Muſt I be one of you? Next Wine that's brought,
Let Fair *Megilla*'s Brother tell his Thought;
We'll crown it with a Glaſs, declare his Flame,
His pleaſing Wound, and whence the Arrow came.

What, Silence? Not a Word? Then e'en drink on,
Boy, set my Glass aside, for I'll be gone.
Ne'er Blush, whoever thee has Captive ta'en,
Has got a noble Pris'ner in her Chain:
Come let us know the Truth, thou shalt repose
In one, who never Secrets will disclose.
Ah wretched, what Misfortunes come to pass!
Thy Bark lies Foundring in rough Seas, alas,
Worse than the Gulph of *Venice* ever was!
Lost Youth, involved in a helpless State,
That do'st deserve a much benigner Fate;
What Magick Art can ever free thee from
Thy fatal Fetters, and avoidless Doom?
Not *Perseus* can quit thee, that makes haste,
From this Chimera, that has got thee fast.

ODE XXVIII.

Archytas, being Shipwrack'd, intreats in requesting the Mariner, as he pass'd by, not to leave his Body without Burial.

Archytas, thou, that with a skilful Hand
Could'st mete the Earth, and count the Ocean's Sand,
Do'st now at last lie, scarcely Cover'd o'er
With Sea-drift only, by th' *Apulian* Shore.
In vain hast thou been Scrutinous to know
The secret Windings of the Globe below,
That could'st, by Mathematick Art, descry
The Planetary Motions of the Sky,
And from foreknowing Planets not foresee
The Storm ensuing, and thy Destiny.
Fam'd *Tantalus*, that made the Gods a Feast,
Is also Dead, *Tithonus* is Deceas'd;
Wise *Minos* gone, a Confident to *Jove*,
Pythagoras has made his last Remove, Tho'

Though he asserted by his Shield at *Troy*,
That Death could nought but Skin and Nerves destroy;
A Notion of his own, that, in Dispute
On Nature's Being, would the World confute;
Yet there is One dark secret Hour, when all
By an impartial Destiny must fall.
Some are allotted in the Field to Die,
The greedy Merchant has a Grave hard by;
Both Young and Old in numerous Troops are gone,
Dread *Proserpine* gives Quarter unto none;
And I, the Ship by stress of Weather lost,
Was Drown'd, and cast by Waves upon this Coast.
But, Sailor, let me not Unburied lye,
Cover my Corps with Sand as you pass by:
So shall no Storms molest thee on the Seas,
But Hills, and Woods shall suffer in thy place;
And the just Gods, no doubt, in Bounty may
Thy Friendly Office to my Corpse repay:
But if thou do'st refuse, in after Time
Thy guiltless Race may suffer for thy Crime;
Nor shalt thou go Unpunished besure,
Nor shall thy Vessel ever ride secure;
And that which shall Torment thee more than all,
No Off'rings ever shall thy Crime recall.
Be not in haste, 'tis but a Moment's stay,
Thrice cast the Sand, then forward on thy way.

ODE XXIX. *To* Iccius.

He admires that he should leave the Study of Philosophy, and turn Souldier.

WHat, *Iccius*, is your Stomach got so stout,
Ty'd to a Sword, and leave the Muses out?

Are you, my Friend, ſo alter'd in a trice,
In love with Riches, and the *Indian* Spice,
'Gainſt *Saba*'s Walls a daring War to bring,
The Maiden City of th' *Arabian* King?
And ſtrange Contrivances do'ſt entertain,
To bind the haughty *Perſian* in thy Chain;
Which of the Captive Ladies, when thy Sword
Has made a Separation from her Lord,
Shall ſerve thee? What young Nobleman ſhall ſtand,
And bear a Cup to thy victorious Hand,
That had been tutor'd, and did nicely know,
To ſhoot an Arrow from a *Parthian* Bow?
Who ſhall deny, that Streams, that downward fall,
May not as well their Lapſes back recall,
And turn into their Fountain whence they came,
And *Tiber* run it up againſt the Stream;
As thou to ſet Philoſophy to ſale,
And put thy ſelf into a Coat of Mail,
Equip thy ſelf in Armour for the Fight,
When thou had'ſt better Purpoſes in ſight?

ODE XXX.

He requeſteth Venus *to come into a Chapel that* Glycera *had dedicated to her.*

DEar Goddeſs, let me beg you'll be ſo kind,
Leave *Paphos*, *Cnidus*, *Cyprus* all behind,
And honour *Glycera* ſome little ſpace,
To grace her Chapel with your charming Face,
A ſplendid thing ſhe has erected new,
Where there is Frankincenſe prepar'd for you.
Let amorous fair *Cupid* too be there,
And Graces in their flying Garbs appear;

And

And let the *Naiades*, and Wood-Nymphs too,
Be ſhining Maids of Honour unto you;
Let youthful and gay Virgins all attend,
And *Mercury*, their Gentleman and Friend.

ODE XXXI.

He telleth what he would ask of Apollo.

WHat does the Poet ask, what Bounty crave
From Conſecrated *Phœbus*, to receive?
What's his Petition, when he pours new Wine
Out of the Goblet, to the Pow'r Divine?
H'asks not the fruitful Crops, that do proceed
From Rich *Sardinia*, nor *Calabria*'s Breed;
Nor does he with a wiſhing Eye behold
The *Indian* Treaſure, or *Peruvian* Gold;
Nor coveteth the Country by the Side
Of ſilent *Liris*, that does gently glide.
Let thoſe Prune Vine-trees with induſtrious Hand,
That have large Vineyards at their own command;
Let the rich Merchant fill his Golden Cup
With foreign Wine, and after drink it up,
Choice in the Gods Eſteem, 'cauſe Thrice a Year
He ſafely to the Weſtern Parts does ſteer;
Let Olives, and my Garden's Bounties be
Rich, and ſufficient Dainties unto me;
And let me, my *Apollo*, be ſo bleſt,
As to enjoy them with a Mind at reſt,
And Body hale and ſound, 'till brave old Age
Undaunted ſhall convey me from the Stage;
And may my Harp, and I together play
Soft Muſick Strains, until my farewel Day.

ODE

ODE XXXII.

To his Harp, which he commendeth.

MY ſweet Companion, if that I with thee
Have ſung, and play'd in ſhady Privacy,
What may for Years continue, tune thy String,
And play, whilſt I in Latin Numbers ſing:
Thou that did'ſt teach *Alcæus* firſt the way,
For to Compoſe melodious Notes, and Play;
Who brave in Battle, when the War was done,
Would ſing of *Bacchus*, *Venus*, and her Son,
And tell of *Lycus*, with his Coal-black Hair,
Black ſparkling Eyes, and his Complexion fair,
Thou *Phœbus* Glory, Sweet ner of *Jove*'s Feaſt,
Cares are by thee removed from my Breaſt,
O thou my ſoft Retirement, and Reſt.

ODE XXXIII.

He comforteth Albius Tibullus, *becauſe he was ſlighted by* Glycera.

Tibullus, leave, What play the Fool, and Die?
Is ſhe that Slights thee worth an Elegy?
Let the Gallant, that *Glycera* pleaſeth beſt,
Be her beloved, ſet thy Heart at reſt.
See fair *Lycoris*, with her charming Face,
Wiſh for rough *Cyrus* in her ſoft Embrace;
Cyrus diſdainful *Pholoe* does love,
But ſooner ſhall the Eagle wed the Dove,
Than e'er it ſhall be ſaid, bright *Pholoe*'s Charms
Were compaſs'd with his vile adulterous Arms.
Venus does oft unequal Couples yoke,
Only to make a miſerable Joke.
'Twas my own Caſe, when a much Worthier ſtrove,
Myrtale then alone confin'd my Love;

Whoſe

Whose furious Temper was as rough, and warm,
As boiling Gulph of *Venice* in a Storm.

ODE XXXIV.

He accuseth himself for having followed the Epicures, and neglected the Worship of the Gods.

HAving from Pious Worship went astray,
And tracing Art's Meanders lost my way;
'Tis time my Errors to redress at last,
And make Atonement for the Time that's past.
For *Jove*, whose Voice is terrible and loud,
With Thunder, and with Lightning rends the Cloud,
And makes the Sky, and lower Regions feel
The dreadful Pressure of his Chariot Wheel:
He makes *Pluto* too his Power know,
And tremble in the dismal Shades below.
Jove, that foresees the secret Things of Fate,
Can raise the Beggar, and depose the Great,
Can change and alter Ministers of State.

ODE XXXV. *To* Fortune.

That She would preserve Cæsar in his Expedition against the Britains.

FOrtune, whose Smile, and favourable Eye
Does raise dejected Mortals up on high,
And whose severe and formidable Frown
Casts haughty Gen'rals with their Trophies down,
The Husbandman to thee directs his Pray'rs,
Says, *Fortune*, lend a Lift to my Affairs;
Sea-faring Men, where-ever bound they be,
All court thee as the Mistress of the Sea.
The wand'ring *Scythians*, *Dacia*'s warlike Race,
Cities, Towns, Countries, Nations, ev'ry Place,

The

The ancient Famed warlike *Italy*,
Kings Mothers, Tyrants ſtand in dread of thee;
Leſt thou their firm fixt Government ſhould'ſt ſhake,
Send armed Hoſts on them unarm'd to break,
And from them unawares their Empire take.
Sharp meager Need before thee leads the way,
That breaks down Iron Walls, as Proverbs ſay:
Hope does on thee depend, and Truth that's rare,
That does a bright unſpotted Garment wear,
That will not ſlight thee though thy Dreſs be poor,
As true a Friend, and truſty as before.
Thy Miſs, whom thou to be a Friend do'ſt take,
Will firſt unto thy Boſom prove a Snake;
And thoſe falſe Spunges, thou rely'ſt upon,
When once thy Tub ſounds hollow, will be gone.
Fortune, we pray thee, ſtand by *Cæſar*'s Side,
Let thy auſpicious Convoy be his Guide,
Safe to perform his *Britiſh* Enterprize,
That in the World's remoteſt Corner lies;
Preſerve our new rais'd Troops, our Hopes, and Cares,
Rome's chief Dependance, and the *Eaſtern* Fears.
Alas, for thoſe unſeemly looking Scars,
'Twixt Brothers ill beſtow'd in Civil Wars!
What is it *Romans* ſtick at? What foul Crimes,
That have not been committed in theſe Times?
Vice ſprings with Youth, from what have they refrain'd
Their guilty Hands? What Altars are unſtain'd?
Would *Fortune* fix the *Roman* Arms anew,
That might th' *Arabians*, and the *Getes* ſubdue,
Dull'd when *Rome*'s Downfal *Romans* did purſue.

ODE XXXVI.

He congratulates Numida's *happy Return from* Spain.

IS he return'd, is Brave *Numida* come?
We'll all consent to bid him Welcome home,
And to the Gods our Sacrifices pay,
And all Rejoyce upon this happy Day.
Our noble General's now return'd again
With Honour, from the utmost Parts of *Spain*.
A welcome Friend to ev'ry Friend is he,
But *Lamia* most by him embrac'd will be;
Since both their Striplings Gowns chang'd in a Day,
And School-fellows did both together play.
May this remarked Day be Chalked down,
And may it stand for Ages to be known;
Nor let the chearful Glass cease passing round,
Keep Dancing on, and let the Musick sound;
Nor *Damalis* shall once with *Bassus* drink,
Nor ever any more on *Bassus* think:
Bring hither Greens and Flowers, all the best,
To dress up Garlands to adorn the Feast.
Then all on *Damalis* will dart their Eyes,
And She regardless will their darts despise;
And though a Thousand Rivals fought her Love,
She'll ever Constant to *Numida* prove.

ODE XXXVII.

He exhorteth his Companions to rejoyce, since Cleopatra *was Dead.*

NOw drink, my Friends, be merry, dance, and sing,
The Queen of *Egypt*'s dead, and *Cæsar*'s King;

Now we may venture to unlock the Door
Of the old Wine, that was forbid before,
Whilſt *Cleopatra*, with her loathed Crew,
Threaten'd the *Roman* Empire to ſubdue,
Beſotted with Succeſs, thought to prevail,
And that the Fates would never turn the Scale.
But *Cæſar* cool'd her Anger, and ſoon brought
Her hot-brain'd Valour to a ſerious Thought,
When He enraged, in a little ſpace,
Scarce left a Ship unburnt before her Face;
And as a Hawk a Pidgeon does purſue,
Or eager Hunter when a Hare's in view,
So He preſt on, with all his Might and Main,
To bind the Female Heroe in his Chain,
That bravely aimed by the Sword to fall,
And ſink together with her General;
Slighted *Auguſtus* with the *Roman* Hoſt,
Smil'd at Misfortune, and her Kingdom loſt,
Ne'er ſtrove to fly from her deplored Fate,
But march'd directly to her Palace Gate;
Took Aſp, and Death deliberately ſtout,
Drew Poiſon in, and breath'd Misfortune out,
Scorning that one of her great Race ſhould be
Led out in Triumph by an Enemy.

ODE XXXVIII.

He is beſt pleas'd with ſmall Expence in Banquets.

WHen I, my Boy, beneath the Shade
T' enjoy my Friend ſit down,
Let not thy Wreath be ſhining made,
Like *Ariadne*'s Crown.

With

With modeſt Myrtle from the Grove
  Thou ſhalt appear as Fair,
As he that Nectar ſerves to *Jove*,
  With Rubies in his Hair.
No Pearls, nor coſtly Diamonds place,
  Nor Roſes on my Brow,
Green Myrtle both our Heads ſhall grace:
  No richer Garland know,
When I with my Companions quaff
  Under the ſhady Vine,
And toaſt ſome pleaſant Healths, and laugh
  'Twixt each briſk Glaſs of Wine.

The ODES of *HORACE.*

The SECOND BOOK.

ODE I.

He adviſeth C. Aſinius Pollio *to leave off the Deſcription of the Civil Wars, then he extolleth his Works.*

THou *Rome*'s Commotions, *Pollio*, do'ſt Relate
From the ſame Year *Metellus* Conſul Sate;
Deſcrib'ſt the Cauſes of the Civil War,
How thirſt of Rule made Brother Princes Jar;
Arms dy'd in Blood, inteſtine Broils ſcarce done,
Thou Painteſt out, and Fortune Laughing on:
A Work of great Importance, Have a Care,
Leaſt, by the way, thou ſtep'ſt into a Snare.
Forbear a while, and let thy Muſe be free,
From tragick Grievance, 'till a Time you ſee,
Wherein you've acted for the Publick Good,
And State Affairs are rightly underſtood.
Begin anew where thou didſt leave e'er while,
And take high Flights in thy Heroick Stile,
Moſt Noble *Pollio*, that haſt taken Pains
To free the Captive Pris'ner from his Chains,
And do'ſt by ſager Counſel oft adviſe
The publick Conſultations of the Wiſe,
To whom the Laurel ſhall for ever be
Reward for the *Dalmatian* Victory. Me-

Methinks this Moment thou alarm'ſt my Ear,
The Battle is begun, I Trumpets hear
Sound to the Field; See how the Armour bright
Does put the Horſe, and Horſemen in a Fright;
I hear the valiant Gen'rals give Command,
Bravely beſpatter'd o'er with Blood and Sand;
I ſee all things ſubdu'd beneath the Pole,
Except th'Unconquerable *Cato*'s Soul.
Juno, that once did ſtrive with might and main,
The loſt *Numidian* Battle to maintain,
But fruſtrated, and in her Purpoſe croſs'd,
Now takes Revenge upon the *Roman* Hoſt,
And ſends their Nephews to *Jugurtha*'s Ghoſt.
Where is that Place? What Corner can be found,
Where *Roman* Blood has not enrich'd the Ground?
Witneſs the Camps that ſtill in ſight remain,
And high-built Beds of Honour for the ſlain,
Which makes the *Medes* in Ridicule to ſay,
The *Roman* Eagles now have caught a Prey.
What Stream, or River? What Sea-Coaſt have we,
But mourns in Purple for *Rome*'s Deſtiny?
But, Muſe, leſt thou forget thy Lyrick Strain,
And fall into thy mournful Notes again,
Chear up, and tune thy Harp in this ſoft Shade,
Where no Alarms of Battle do invade.

ODE II. *To* C. SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS.

Not the Poſſeſſion of Riches, but the Contempt, and the commendable Uſe of them maketh a Man happy.

SAlluſtius, thou that ne'er a Friend waſt found
To ſuch as hoard their Money under Ground,

The

The brighteſt Silver will its Luſtre loſe,
Unleſs 'tis burniſh'd by a temperate Uſe.
Brave *Proculeius* by ſurviving Fame
Will ever Live, and have a glorious Name,
Whom to his Brethren his Country knew,
A Brother in Diſtreſs, and Father too.
Greater's thy Rule, and wider ſhalt thou reign,
If thou can'ſt thy ambitious Mind reſtrain,
Than if thou couldeſt, with a ſovereign Hand,
From *Africk* to *America* Command.
The fatal Dropſy by Indulgence grows,
Nor can its Thirſt abate, until the Cauſe,
From whence the watry Sickneſs firſt receives
Its Riſe, departs, and the pale Body leaves.
When great *Phraates* came to *Cyrus* Throne,
Vertue deny'd a Bleſſing with the Crown,
And taught th' unwilling Vulgar by degrees
To leave off falſe Applauſe, and Flatteries;
Vertue, that Crowns, and Diadems allows,
And grants the Laurel only to his Brows,
As his juſt Right, who mighty Heaps of Gold,
Can with a diſregarding Eye behold.

ODE III. *To* DELIUS.

He tells him that he ought not to be caſt down in Adverſity, nor puffed up in Proſperity, ſince he muſt die; but moderately to rejoyce.

IF thou do'ſt meet with Troubles here below,
Or if the Gods Proſperity beſtow,
Let neither over thy great Soul prevail,
But poiſe thy Temper with an even Scale;
And this conſider, *Delius*, after all,
The Happy with th' Unfortunate muſt fall;

If

If thou do'ſt never ſee a chearful Day,
And ſhalt with meagre Sorrow pine away,
Or if thou tak'ſt a Glaſs of cordial Wine,
That will thy Spirits, and thy Blood refine,
Beneath ſome pleaſant Shade, 'tis all as one,
'Tis all forgotten when thy Years are gone.
Then bring ſweet Unguents, fill my Bowl up high,
Bring ſhort-liv'd Roſes, that juſt blow and die,
E'er Youth, and happy Days do all forſake,
And th' fatal Thread of the Three Sifters break.
Thou muſt thy Houſe, and Mannors leave behind,
And to a narrow'r Compaſs be confin'd,
And then what thou haſt gotten in Times paſt,
Thy prodigal young Heir will ſpend as faſt.
It nought avails, though from the ancient King
Great *Inachus*, thy wealthy Race did ſpring;
Or of ſome poor, and deſpicable Race,
And haſt no Dwelling, or abiding Place,
Thou muſt depart at meagre Death's Command,
A Victim fall by his impartial Hand.
All take their Chance, ſome early, and ſome late
Die by the ſecret Ordinance of Fate,
And to perpetual Exile needs muſt float
O'er the pale River, in the common Boat.

ODE IV. *To* XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

It was no Diſgrace to him to be in Love with his Maid.

WHat, tho' the Maid has gain'd the upper Place
In thine Affections, where is the Diſgrace?
Was not *Achilles*, ſo renown'd at Arms,
Enamour'd with his beauteous Captive's Charms?

Stout

Stout *Ajax*, Brave in War, as it is ſaid,
Was taken Priſ'ner by a Captive Maid:
Atrides, whilſt the Conqueſt he purſu'd,
Was by *Caſſandra* in the midſt ſubdu'd;
When Bloodſhed waſted all the *Trojan* Hoſt,
And *Troy* was by *Achilles* Conduct loſt,
And *Hector*'s Death ſurrender'd up the Day
Unto the *Grecians*, by an eaſier way.
Thou do'ſt not know but *Phillis* ancient Race
May, *Phoceus*, once thy Happineſs increaſe,
Though at the preſent there is Cauſe that ſhe
May grieve, forſaken of her Family.
Never ſuppoſe that e'er ſhe could be born
Of low degree, that proffer'd Gold can ſcorn.
Her Features, Arms, and Legs ſo curious I,
Suſpect me not, do Praiſe in modeſty,
Having the Fortieth Winter paſſed by.

ODE V.

Love to a Virgin, that was too Young, muſt be reſtrain'd.

TOo Young as yet, too weak to undergo,
What Marriage does allot Young Females to;
Her tender Strength too feeble needs muſt prove,
To bear the Efforts of impetuous Love.
Her Youthful Mind does in green Meadows ſtray,
Or by cool Streams, that parching Heats allay,
Delights in Groves with modeſt Youths to play.
Strive not to gather Grapes when they be Green,
The Purple Cluſter will e'er long be ſeen,
And fall into thy Hand. Swift Time does fly,
With what it takes from thee will her ſupply;
Then ask the Favour, and ſhe'll not deny,

And

And in thine Eye as amiable will ſhine,
As'ſ *Chloris*, or chaſt *Pholoe* were thine;
And will appear with full as bright a Face
As *Luna*, when the Sea's her Looking-glaſs:
Or beauteous *Gyges*, whom if you inſert
Amidſt the fair Nymphs, for to act his Part
With Locks diſplay'd, it ſcarcely could be ſaid,
Whether 'twere *Gyges*, or a beaut'ous Maid.

ODE VI. *To* SEPTIMIUS.

He wiſhes either at pleaſant Tibur, *or elſe at* Tarentum, *with him to ſpend his latter Days.*

MY Friend *Septimius*, that would'ſt freely go
To any Country I ſhould Travel to;
Either unto the ſtubborn *Cantabri*,
Or barb'rous Iſles that unfrequented ly,
Where a diſturbed Ocean foaming raves,
And reſtleſs without ceaſing rowls her Waves;
Let *Tibur* be the Place where Thou, and I
May both, like true Companions, live and die;
Where, now our Military Days are paſt,
We may conclude Old Age in Peace at laſt.
But if the unkind Fates do this refuſe,
Then next to that I would *Tarentum* chooſe,
Where well clad Sheep feed by *Galeſus* Sand,
A Country that *Phalantus* did Command.
In that Retirement I in Peace ſhould reſt,
Where Honey flows in plenty, and the beſt,
And where the Olive is as Fruitful ſeen,
As any at *Venafrum*, and as Green,
Where laſting Springs upon the Meadows ſmile,
And Winter of her rigid Froſts beguile;

Where *Aulon* ſcorns for Wine to give the way
To fam'd *Falernus*, that has bore the ſway.
That pleaſant Country, that beloved Place
Does wiſh to claſp us both in her Embrace.
And when the Fates ſhall part each other, there
Upon my Aſhes drop a farewel Tear.

ODE VII.

He rejoyces at Pompeius Varus *happy Return from his unhappy Warfare.*

MY Fellow-Souldier, that with me haſt gone,
Through all Extreams, when *Brutus* led us on,
What God, and happy Fate did thee reſtore
Again with Safety to th' *Italian* Shore?
With whom ſo often I have Chearful been;
I call to Mind the Days that we have ſeen,
With Mirth and Wine we ſpent the pleaſing Hours,
Perfum'd with Unguents, and ſweet wreaths of Flow'rs.
I was with thee at the *Philippi* Field,
From whence I ſcamper'd, and forgot my Shield,
When the proud Menacers on *Brutus* ſide
Were hew'd in pieces, and fell down and Di'd:
But me in Fright ſwift *Mercury*'s kind Aid
Through Ranks and Files of Enemies convey'd;
But thou by Sea, where reſtleſs Billows boil,
Thy ſelf in ſecond Warfare didſt embroil:
But now return'd, and all thy Labour paſt,
Pay to the Gods thy Sacrifice at laſt,
And then beneath my Laurel ſit, and reſt,
And take a Glaſs with me, my Noble Gueſt.
Fill to the top, and bring the beſt of Wine,
Pompeius Varus is with me to Dine;

Pour

Pour out the Unguents from the Box. Where's he
That brings us Garlands from the Myrtle Tree?
Venus, proclaim an Arbiter that may
Be Governour at this Rejoycing Day.
I'll be tranſported, ſince my Friend is come
Through Throngs of Dangers, unexpected Home.

ODE VIII. *To* BARINE.

There is no Reaſon to believe her Oaths, ſince her Perjury to her Lovers was not puniſhed by the Gods.

IF thou, *Barine*, hadſt, as it was fit,
Thy Falſeneſs on thy Face, or Fingers writ
In ſome foul Mark, I ſhould believe thee then,
And think thou never would'ſt be Falſe agen;
Thy Lovers too might ſee, and have a care,
When thou the Badge of Perjury did'ſt wear:
But thy falſe Oaths, and Promiſes increaſe,
Like Beauty-ſpots, the Luſtre of thy Face,
And ſtill the more Perfidious thou do'ſt prove,
The more young Lovers do purſue thy Love;
So that in ev'ry Eye *Barine*'s ſeen,
The moſt deſir'd Flower of all the Green.
If no Reward to Perjury is due,
What mayn't thy Treachery attempt to do?
Break Vows to Parents, that in Aſhes ly,
Swear by the Conſtellations of the Sky,
And injure the juſt Gods that never Die.
Venus, and *Cupid* only Smile to ſee
All their young Pupils ſo Deceiv'd by thee.
Sparks of all Ages thou haſt coming on,
Young Supplicants before the old are gone,

And thoſe thy Weather-beaten Fops before,
Though oft diſcharged, never leave thy Door.
The Matrons, and the careful Fathers fear,
Leſt thy Enticements ſhould their Sons enſnare;
And thoſe, that *Hymen* lately did inſtal,
Are careful of their Husbands moſt of all.

ODE IX. *To* VALGIUS.

That he would leave off at length to lament for his Boy Myſte.

COnſider, *Valgius*, ſtormy Winds and Rains,
Do not for ever beat upon the Plains,
Nor ſtreſs of Weather ſtill infeſt the Floods,
Nor North-wind's Grievance ſtill moleſt the Woods,
Nor does the hoary Froſt, and Ice appear
Upon the Hills, and Valleys all the Year.
Thou without Intermiſſion ſtill do'ſt Mourn,
And poureſt Showers of Tears on *Myſte*'s Urn,
Nor do thoſe Tears th' immod'rate Grief allay,
But is the ſame at Even, and next Day.
Neſtor at length forbore to mourn his Son,
Old *Neſtor*, that a Triple Age had ſpun.
The *Trojan* Siſters ceaſed after all,
Since no Complaints could *Troilus* recall.
Leave off, and let's together Sing in Praiſe
Of *Cæſar*'s New-gain'd Conqueſts, and freſh Bays;
Rugged *Niphates*, and the River tell,
That lately to the *Roman* Power fell;
Which, ſince the Natives are become our Slaves,
Hath learnt at laſt to lower its proud Waves;
And the bold *Scythians* tell, that now are come
To know their Diſtance, and keep nearer Home.

ODE

ODE X. *To* LICINIUS.

It is good to keep an even Mind, as well in Adverſity, as Proſperity.

MY Friend, if thou would'ſt rightly guide thine Oar,
Lanch not too wide, nor pull too near the Shore.
Thoſe that the Truth of Moderation ſhow
By ſober Living, not profuſe, nor low,
Shall have a clean, and comfortable Seat,
Not envy'd, nor deſpiſed by the Great.
Tall Cedars oft by Storms are overthrown,
High Fabricks too, like Grandees of Renown,
Do ſtill fall heavy when they tumble down.
A Mind prepar'd 'midſt Tempeſts hopes to ſee
The next Day calm, hopes it may Sun-ſhine be,
Conſiders then the Sun may ſoon dip in,
And there may ſoon another Storm begin.
Great *Jove*, that rules the Day, does underſtand
What's beſt to give, and when to change his Hand;
If Fortune frowns at preſent, let her go,
Hope for the beſt, ſhe may not ſtill do ſo,
Apollo does not ever bend his Bow.
Be bold amidſt Misfortunes, in no caſe
Let the black Cloud appear upon thy Face,
And when a Spring-tide Bleſſing happens, then
Think with thy ſelf, the Tide will turn agen.

ODE XI. *To* Q. HIRPINUS.

It is beſt to live merrily, and caſt Cares aſide.

HIrpinus, ne'er perplex thy Mind to know
On what Intrigues the *Cantaber* does go,
Or *Scythians*, that both warlike People be,
But far remote from us beyond the Sea;

For

For Life's Accommodations never fear,
A little ſerves for Neceſſaries here;
Old Age will ſeize us in a little ſpace,
And Mirth, and Colour will depart the Face,
As Youth goes off, and trembling Age comes on,
Our ſoft Amours, and Sleep will both be gone.
Spring-Flowers loſe their Beauty, and decline,
Nor does the Moon with equal Luſtre ſhine.
Why do'ſt thou rack thy Soul 'bout things to come,
That is too weak to countervail with Doom?
Is it not better that we Chearful be,
Under the Shadow of this ſpreading Tree?
With Sweets perfum'd, and Eſſence from the Flow'rs,
There to rejoyce, whilſt now 'tis in our Pow'rs?
Brave ſprightly *Bacchus* forceth Cares away,
That like *Prometheus* gnawing Vulture prey.
Here, Boy, be quick, with Water cool the Glaſs,
That does along that chriſtal Current paſs;
We'll have a private Miſtreſs too, Where's he
That *Lyde* brings to bear us Company?
Bid her make haſt, no matter how ſhe's Dreſt,
Her Hair ty'd in a careleſs Knot is beſt.

ODE XII. *To* MECÆNAS.

To write of weighty Matters did not ſuit with his Strains; it was more proper for Mecænas *to write the Wars of* Auguſtus, *whilſt he ſung in the Praiſe of* Licinia.

'TIs not for me, *Mecænas*, to rehearſe
Numantia's weary Siege in Lyrick Verſe;
Nor durſt my Muſe name *Hannibal*, or tell
How many gallant Troops at *Cannæ* fell;
Or brave *Duillius*, how he ſtain'd the Flood
Of *Sicily* with *Carthaginian* Blood;

Nor

Nor is it in my Compaſs to recite
Mad drunk *Hylæus*, or fierce *Lapithite*;
Or tell how *Hercules* the Giants ſlew,
Attempting *Saturn*'s Empire to ſubdue.
To thee, *Mecænas*, ſuch high Flights belong,
To ſing great Actions in heroick Song;
By thee great *Cæſar*'s Conqueſts beſt are ſpoke,
Kings led in Triumph, yielding to his Yoke.
My Muſe incites me, in ſoft Strains to raiſe
High Commendations in *Licinia*'s Praiſe;
To tell her charming Voice, and ſparkling Eye,
Her Truth, and never-failing Conſtancy:
At publick Balls 'twas exquiſitely fine,
To ſee her Graces with her Geſture join;
As Witty, and Facetious as the beſt,
In pleaſant Company to Joke, and Jeſt;
Amidſt the Virgins Nicer than them all,
To Celebrate *Diana*'s Feſtival.
Would'ſt thou a *Perſian* Monarch's Ranſom take,
Thy bright *Licinia*'s Dearments to forſake?
Would'ſt thou for *Indian* Cheſts of Treaſure full,
Or all the Spices of the great *Mogul*?
When ſhe her fragrant Kiſſes does beſtow,
Or may be does ſome ſmall Averſeneſs ſhow,
Pleas'd to be won by Force, yet ſhe'll afford
Sometimes her Kindneſs of her own accord.

ODE XIII.

Upon a Tree, by the Fall of which he had like to have been Killed.

PErnicious Tree, it was an impious Hand,
That firſt did give thee footing on my Land,

That

That to all Ages did entail Diſgrace
Upon his Children's Children, and the Place;
I'd eaſily believe that very Son
Would to his Father Violence have done,
Or Kill his Gueſt at Midnight-watch, and ſtain
His private Room with Bloodſhed of the ſlain;
Poiſon prepare, O thou ungrateful Tree,
Act any Crime, whoever Planted thee,
That vilely at the laſt didſt aim to fall,
As if deſigning of my Funeral.
'Tis not within the compaſs of our Pow'r,
For to foreſee the Dangers of each Hour.
The Mariner the dang'rous Streights does fear,
Nor ſeeth any other Danger near.
The *Parthian* Arrows do the Souldier fright,
Who fears their ſudden, and clandeſtine flight;
The *Parthians* they the *Roman* Forces dread,
Fear to be Conquer'd, and in Triumph led;
But ſudden Death, moſt dreadful at a Blow,
Has ſent, and will ſend Thouſands more below.
How near was I to ſee the diſmal Seat
Of *Proſerpine*, and *Æacus* the great
Important Judge of Life, and Death; to ſee
The glorious Seats of thoſe that Happy be,
And *Sappho* telling of her Injury,
That when ſhe hop'd for *Phaon*'s dear Embrace,
Th' *Æolian* Virgins had uſurp'd her Place;
And bright *Alceus* alſo to deſcry,
Rehearſing noble Lyrick Poetry,
Giving the Shades below to underſtand,
How Tyrants forc'd him to depart the Land;

What

What he in Exile ſuffer'd, what in Flight,
How much diſtreſs'd by Storms, and how in Fight?
The Shades all ſtand admiring for to hear
Them both, and ſilent to their Verſe give Ear;
But all in mighty Throngs flock round about,
More pleas'd to hear the Tyrants beaten out.
What Wonder? when black *Cerberus*, ſo fierce,
Aſtoniſh'd lay to hear *Alcæus* Verſe?
And e'en the Furies twined Snakes rejoyce
To hear his Muſick Strains, and *Sappho*'s Voice?
Tantalus, and *Prometheus* caſt away
Their Sorrow, whilſt upon the Harp they play;
Orion the fam'd Hunter leaves his Chace,
Lets *Lions* couch, and *Lynxes* ly at Eaſe.

ODE XIV. *To* POSTUMUS.

Death is not to be avoided.

AH, *Poſtumus*, the Time haſts on apace,
And Age will ſtamp her Image on thy Face;
Nor will thy Piety, thy Wealth, or Pow'r,
Secure thee from th' inevitable Hour.
If thou whole Herds of Off'rings ſhouldeſt ſlay,
'Twould not procure one Moment of delay.
The num'rous Off-ſpring of the World muſt Die,
And all ſhare equal in Mortality;
All Heads alike muſt in the Duſt ly down,
The Beggar's, and the Head that wears a Crown.
In vain we ſhun the Field all ſtain'd with Blood,
And 'ſcape the dreadful Dangers of the Flood;
In vain we to ſome purer Climate run,
When Autumn with infectious Air comes on;

Since all at last assuredly must go,
And be transported to the Shades below.
Thou must thy Wife, and stately Mansion leave,
And change thy spacious Mannors for a Grave;
Of all thy large Plantations in the end
The Cypress only shall thy Corps attend.
Then shall thy Son, when once thy Head is cold,
Profusely squander all thy hoarded Gold;
And make unhandsome waste of better Wine
Than Prelates tipple when they sup, or dine.

ODE XV.

He reproveth the excessive Cost in the Buildings of that Age.

PRoud Fabricks now, and Pyramids do stand,
And do incroach upon the Tiller's Land,
And what remains vast Fisheries do take,
Longer, and wider than the *Lucrine* Lake;
Plane-Trees, and Shades are planted for delight,
Profit's become the pleasing of the Sight;
Fine Plots for Flowers are contriv'd anew,
We gather Posies now where Olives grew.
These things were slighted in th'old *Romans* Days,
When yet unhaven *Cato* had the Praise,
And others, that in ev'ry thing were known
To set the Publick Good before their own:
No private Citizen afford to light
As to walk in his ample Gallery,
Nor did the Laws then suffer them to slight
The Clay-built Cottage, their Forefathers Right;
Commanding, with a pious good Design,
Each private Hand in publick all to join,

And beautify the Temples, to make odds
Betwixt the Mortals Dwellings, and the Gods.

ODE XVI. *To* GROSPHUS.

The Satisfaction of the Mind is no way to be procured, but by restraining the Desires.

FOR safe Repose the Mariner does pray,
Whose Ship is ready to be cast away
In the *Ægean* Ocean, struck with Fear,
When neither Moon, nor lucky Stars appear:
The *Thracian* bold, and *Mede* in Battle brave,
Rest from the Wars, and quiet Life do crave,
The which, O *Grosphus*, all the *Indies* Store
Can never purchase, nor the Golden Ore:
Nor Wealth of which the Lictor is possest,
Can ease the Troubles that his Mind infest,
Nor Cares, that with Perplexity and Doubt
Beset his anxious Dwellings round about.
That Man lives well upon his small Estate,
Whose modest Table shews his Father's Plate,
Nor sordid Avarice, nor wretched Fear,
Do break his Rest with Thoughtfulness and Care.
Why should we boast of great Atchievements done,
Since Time slips over, and our Age is gone?
What Profit if to foreign Parts we run?
Who flyeth from himself when that is done?
Cares through the Scoopers of the Ship will creep,
And slily take the Fortress of the Deep,
Nor canst thou, if thou *Pegasus* bestride,
Thy Cares, much swifter than the Wind, out-ride.
A chearful Mind, at present Moment blest,
With Laughter driveth Sorrow from the Breast.

There's always something, in the happiest State,
Wanting to make the Happiness compleat.
Swift Darts of Fate did stout *Achilles* slay,
Old Age *Tithonus* wasted to decay;
And the kind Gods may happen to supply
Me with a lucky Hour, and thee deny.
Vast Herds thou do'st possess, both small and great;
Four goodly Steeds at thy proud Chariot sweat;
Thou Robes twice dipt in *Tyrian* Grain do'st wear:
Me a small Spot of Ground, and little share
Of low Poetick Strains, the Gods allow'd,
To bear me higher than the spightful Croud.

ODE XVII. *To* MECÆNAS, *being Sick.*

He saith that he will not survive him.

WHen I, *Mecænas*, thy Complaints do hear,
I am half dead with Sympathy and Fear;
If urgent Fate does for my Patron call,
One Stroke shall serve, we'll both together fall.
What good to me a little Life to save,
If my best Half's before me in the Grave?
One fatal Hour shall part, and bear away
Our Spirits both together from our Clay;
In Life, or Death, I'll ne'er my Friend forsake,
Together we'll our farewel Journey take.
Nor *Gyas*, if Alive, nor fiery Breath
Of fierce *Chimæra* shall prevent my Death;
'Tis so appointed by the Gods Decree,
That both our Planets in the same agree.
All-pow'rful *Jove* thee from the Grave did bring,
Stay'd over hasty Fate, and clipt her Wing,

When the glad Theater did all rejoyce,
Thrice made Thankſgiving with a publick Voice:
By Fall of wretched Tree I'd made my End,
Had not old Father *Faunus* ſtood my Friend,
And lent a ſpeedy Hand, that ſtill ſtands by
Lovers of pleaſant Flights, and Poetry.
Pay Sacrifices now, as't does behove,
And build thy promis'd Temple unto *Jove*;
To *Faunus* I, ſince by his means I live,
The faireſt Lamb in all my Flocks will give.

ODE XVIII.

He is contented with a moderate Fortune; thoſe are deceived that ſtudy Covetouſneſs and Luxury, never thinking upon Death.

NO Ivory, nor Golden Fretworks grace
My modeſt Roofs, no Timber brought in place
From *Africa* my Chapiters ſuſtain,
No Man's Poſſeſſion have I ſeized for Gain:
Nor good Wives to ſpin Purple do I hire,
To make a Figure in my gay Attire:
But I am true, and pleas'd with what my Muſe
In Bounty is diſpoſed to infuſe;
And though I'm mean, and of a low degree,
I'm honour'd with the beſt of Company.
I from the Gods no Grandeur do intreat,
Nor ask high Places of my Friend that's great,
Fully contented with my *Sabine* Seat.
One Day puts out another, and the Moon
Has her Increaſes, and Decreaſes ſoon.
Thou Marble Structures do'ſt contrive to have
Made Beautiful, forgetful of thy Grave,

Striveſt

Striveſt to rob the Ocean of her Shore,
To gain new Ground not rich enough before.
What do'ſt thou mean the poor Man to oppreſs,
To move his Land-mark, and his Land poſſeſs?
T' expoſe the Children, Wife, and Husband old
With nothing to protect them from the Cold?
But this remember, the capacious Gate
Does ever for the greedy Miſer wait.
What needeth more? An equal ſhare of Ground
For Kings, and Beggars at the laſt is found;
Nor will the King of Ghoſts at any rate
Be Brib'd to free *Prometheus* from his Fate.
Proud *Tantalus*, and's Off-ſpring, he at laſt
Blocks up in diſmal Habitations faſt;
But the poor Slave, worn out with Pains and Care,
Call'd, or not call'd, he his Complaints does hear.

ODE XIX.

He is the fitter to ſing the Praiſes of Bacchus, *becauſe he is inſpired with his Deity.*

IN private Rocks I ſaw the God of Wine
Repeating Verſe, (ye Succeſſors of mine
Believe me) and the Nymphs a giving Ear,
The Cloven-footed Satyrs too were there.
Behold my Mind's with Paſſion all poſſeſt,
Both Joys, and Fears are ſtrugling in my Breaſt.
Spare, I beſeech thee, mighty *Bacchus*, ſpare,
Nor with thy conqu'ring Lance be too ſevere.
My Muſe incites my Fancy to relate
The frantick *Thyades*, and to repeat
Wine-flowing Fountains, Springs that Milky be,
And Honey dropping from the hollow Tree:

And bids me tell the happy ſpangled Bride,
Whoſe Garland's brighter than all Crowns beſide;
Relate unhappy *Pentheus* heavy Fall,
And ſpeak *Lycurgus* bloody Funeral.
Thou guideſt Rivers, and the *Indian* Sea,
The *Bacchanalian* Knot is ty'd by thee
In ſnaky Twine 'thout Harm, or Injury.
Thou, when whole Troops of impious Giants ſtrove
To Scale th' imperial Citadel of *Jove*,
Didſt Lion-like thy Father's Foes confound,
And ſend them backward Headlong to the Ground:
Although thou haſt been wrong'd by ſome that ſay,
A Bottle was more pleaſing than a Fray;
Yet thy Behav'our truly ſets thee out,
In Peace well govern'd, and in Battle ſtout.
Fierce *Cerberus* was aw'd, and ſtood in fear,
When he perceiv'd thy Golden Horn appear;
Smelling a God he fann'd his Tail, and made
A low Submiſſion with his triple Head.

ODE XX. *To* MECÆNAS.

He ſaith that his Name ſhall be ever Famous, and in all Places.

I'LL take no common Flight, but ſoaring high,
I'll above Envy, and her Cenſures fly;
Nor longer on the Earth will be confin'd,
I'll fly round all the Regions of the Wind:
Nor I, whom thou vouchſafeſt Friend to call,
Shall be forgotten in my Funeral;
My Works, *Mecænas*, ever ſhall be read,
And ſtill remember'd after I am dead.
Become a Milk-white Swan aloft I'll ſpring,
My Plumes increaſe, I'm juſt upon the Wing;

Swifter

Swifter than *Icarus* will I haſt away,
And all the Countries of the World ſurvey;
Of raging *Boſpharus* I'll ſee the Shore,
See parched *Africk*, where the Lions roar;
Then to the moſt frigid Zone I'll go
By Northern Bear, that's clad in Froſt and Snow;
Then to the *Hyperborean* Plains repair,
Where Cold does vaniſh in a temp'rate Air.
Of me ſhall *Colchis*, and all *Aſia* hear,
And *Parthians*, that do counterfeit their Fear;
The *Scythians*, and the *Spaniard* too ſhall ſee,
And thoſe that drink of *Rhone* report of me.
See thou, my Friend, that none lament, or grieve
At my Deceaſe, ſince in my Works I live;
Spare Elegies, and all ſuperfluous Coſt,
Such needleſs Honour in the Duſt is loſt.

The ODES of *HORACE.*

The THIRD BOOK.

ODE I.

Happiness does not consist in Wealth and Honour, but in a moderate Estate, and a quiet Life.

I With the Vulgar will have nought to do,
Keep Silence, things as yet unheard, and new
I write as Poet Laureat, and rehearse
To Boys and Maidens, undiscover'd Verse.
Subjects to Kings their due Allegiance pay,
Jove over Kings does bear imperial Sway,
Who for Rebellion casts the Giants down,
And awes all mortal Creatures with a Frown.
One Man's Possessions may exceed the rest,
Have ampler Manors, and a nobler Crest;
Another Glorious in the Field does come,
And stands to be a Magistrate for *Rome*:
This in more fine Behaviour does appear,
Hoping the Honour by his Parts to share;
Another thinks to gain the upper Hand,
Because he has more Vassals at command.
But after all, both high and low, all must
At last be equal Sharers in the Dust,

A fatal Stroke, and a capacious Urn
Will all the Grandeur into Ashes turn.
When once the threat'ning Sword hangs o'er the Head,
In vain the Table is with Banquets spread,
In vain is the most rich, and costly Treat,
Who can perswade a dying Man to eat?
Nor singing Birds, that pleasant Consort keep,
Nor stringed Musick can invite to Sleep;
Sleep that is sweet, and most from Frights secure,
That waits the humble Cottage of the Poor.
He, that no more than just enough does crave,
Needs not to hazard the tempestuous Wave,
The stormy Constellation needs not fear,
Nor setting of the Star by Nogthern Bear,
Nor dread the Hail to batter down his Vine,
Or Tillage not to answer his Design,
Nor Rain, nor Storms, excessive Heat, or Cold,
His Orchards Expectations to withhold.
The Sea-Fish are deprived of their Right,
Where Waters were, now Stacks of monstrous Height.
Head Workmen there, with Men at their command,
First lay their lasting Foundations on the Sand.
But Fears and Troubles with the Castle climb,
Though never so presumptuous, and sublime;
And if the Owner to the Seas should fly,
His Cares will thither bear him company;
Or if he runs away with Speedy Horse,
His Cares will overtake him in his Course.
Since then an Ivory Palace will not do,
Nor Purples drive back Cares that will pursue,
Nor

Nor Wine, nor Unguents chear a drooping Mind;
Why should I seek an higher State to find
Why should I build a Portal up in Pride,
For Envy, and Backbiters to deride?
Or why should I exchange my *Sabine* Seat
For ampler rich Possessions of the Great?

ODE II.

Young Men from their Childhood should be trained up in Military Discipline, and inured to Labours.

IF thou would'st train a Souldier to the truth,
Make him know War, and Hardship in his Youth,
Let him the *Parthian*, and bold Enemy,
With manag'd Horse, and warlike Spear defie;
Teach him in Camp sharp Storms to undergo,
And face the Frontiers of th' affrighted Foe;
Whom when the Mother, and young Virgin see
From hostile Walls, they may cry, Woe is me!
For fear the Husband should the Youth provoke,
And fall, being unexperienc'd, by his Stroke,
Who, Lion-like, enrag'd whole Ranks does slay,
And by his Sword, and Bloodshed makes his way:
'Tis honourable for our Land to Die.
Fate follows him that from his Fate would fly,
Nor spareth those that Battles do affright,
The Stout, and Valiant fare the best in Fight.
Valour disdainful of Repulse or Fear,
Shines in its spotless Reputation clear,
Nor does't depend upon the vulgar Praise,
For to allow, or disallow the Bays;
It goes before, and still unlocks the Gate
To all brave Souls, that at *Olympus* wait;

But Cheating, and base Avarice defies,
And scorns the Mob, with all its Flatteries.
There is beside a sure Reward for those,
That Secrets never to the World disclose,
But he that will shall not with me abide,
Nor will I with him in one Vessel ride;
For this great *Jove* is often seen to do,
To sink th' Offender, and the Guiltless too:
Seldom it is but Punishment o'ertakes
The Wicked, though but little haste it makes.

ODE III.

A Just Man feareth nothing; also concerning the not Repairing of Troy.

A Man of stedfast Principles will stand
Firm to his Point, tho' Magistrates command,
And lay unjust Injunctions in his way;
No Tyrant can his Resolution sway,
Nor would the Gulph of *Venice* him affright,
Or *Jove*'s fierce Thunder scare him from the Right.
If the cemented Fabrick should dissolve
Of the vast Globe, and him amidst involve
In the rude Rubbish, unconcern'd he'd bear
The mighty Heap of Ruins without fear.
'Twas by this Vertue, that th' old Heroes strove
For Honour's Places with the Gods above;
'Mongst which *Augustus*, raised up on high,
Drinks Nectar, with his Lip of Purple Dye.
'Twas this, Great *Bacchus*, made thy *Tigers* tame,
And lean their Necks, by Influence of thy Name;
This plac'd *Quirinus* in the blest Abodes,
By *Juno*'s Approbation, 'midst the Gods;

'Twas

'Twas thou, She ſaid, O twice unhappy *Troy*,
That *Paris*, and ſtol'n *Helen* didſt deſtroy;
Adjudg'd by Me, and *Pallas* to lie waſte,
Since He the Verdict upon *Venus* paſt,
And *Neptune*, and *Apollo* put upon
The Promiſe-breaker, falſe *Laomedon*.
What Thought could human Falſity incline
To put a Cheat upon the Pow'rs Divine?
No more ſhall *Paris* now to *Helen* vaunt,
And ſhow himſelf a ſplendid gay Gallant:
No more in *Troy*'s Defence ſhall *Hector* ſtand,
And fight the *Grecians* boldly Hand to Hand;
But all the Wars, through my Affronts begun,
Shall in the Fall of *Priam*'s Houſe be done.
And I forthwith will lay mine Anger by,
And *Ilia*'s Son ſhall be a Deity;
And after all to him I will permit
In ſhining Manſions of the Gods to ſit,
Drink Nectar with them, and himſelf inveſt,
And regiſter his Name amidſt the Bleſt.
And whilſt the Sea does ſwell 'twixt *Troy* and *Rome*,
Let *Trojans* reign ſucceſsful where they come;
And whilſt the Flocks, and Herds the freedom have
To play o'er *Paris*, and old *Priam*'s Grave,
And Tigers there their Young may ſafely hide,
Let proſp'rous Days *Rome*'s Capitol abide,
And her triumphant Eagles have Command
Over the *Median*, and the *Perſian* Land,
And let her Name be fear'd acroſs the Sea,
That *Europe* does divide from *Africa*,

And

And let her have the Conquest, and the Hands
O'er all the Captive Seas wash'd with *Nilus* Streams;
Rome, that gains ground the more She Gold defies,
Gold uncorrupt whilst in the Earth it lies;
But when for humane Use it is design'd,
It baser grows the more it is refin'd,
Rather than want it for destructive Use,
Vile Hands the sacred Treasures will abuse.
If that the Earth does any place afford,
That shall resist, there let them use the Sword,
Whether unto the parched Zone they go,
Or starving Climate of the Frost, and Snow.
But, on Condition, I the *Roman* Sway
Establish, that *Troy* in her own Ruins they,
Nor their succeeding Ages shall repair,
Stir'd up with Wealth, or over pious Care,
Or ever once attempt it; if they shou'd,
The next Foundation shall be laid in Blood;
Unlucky Birds, and ill Presages shall
Foretel her second Fate, and Funeral,
And I *Jove*'s Wife, and Sister will command,
My self in Person the victorious Band:
And tho' those Walls were thrice rebuilt with Brass,
And tho' *Apollo* the Surveyor was,
Yet with my *Greeks* I'd thrice those Walls destroy,
And utterly wipe out the Name of *Troy*;
Thrice might the captive Matrons well complain
For Husbands, and for Children, that were slain.
Desist, my Muse, this is too high a Key,
Have little of the Gods Affairs to say.

ODE

ODE IV

He thankfully professeth that He had been safe at all times, and in all places, under the Protection of the Muses.

STOop from on high, *Calliope*, and sing
In soft Sonates, from *Olympus* bring
All sorts of pleasant Musick. Hark! d'ye hear?
What's this that strikes my Thought, and charms my Ear?
Am I distracted? Does some pleasing Spell
These dear Delusions to my Senses tell?
Methinks I hear Her in the Sacred Groves,
Where Fountains glide, and Wind the Willow moves.
As in my Childhood, tired out with Play,
On an *Apulian* Hill I sleeping lay,
The Stock-Doves careful of the drowsy Boy,
Lest savage Beasts should slumb'ring him destroy,
With Leaves conceal'd me close, that no rude Eye,
As I lay sleeping, could my Body spy;
Which thing no little Admiration spread
'Midst those at lofty *Acherontia* bred,
And o'er the Plains of *Bantia*, and the Field
Of rich *Ferentum*, that large Crops does yield:
That I by Wonder from the pois'nous Tooth
Of lurking Viper, and devouring Mouth
Of rav'nous Bear, should by the Gods be kept
Secure from hurt, or damage whilst I slept,
And by the Gods preserv'd, I know not how,
To wear a Wreath of Laurel on my Brow.
Soft mighty Muses, whilst You me inspire,
No Labour daunts my Thoughts, no Mountains tire
My willing Steps, by your sure Aid I go
O'er Hills and craggy Rocks, through Frost and Snow.

And

And having once the Honour for to ſip
From your clear Fountain, or a Finger dip,
To take a Drop from that beloved Spring,
I never went in dread of any thing:
When at the ſad diſtreſs'd *Philippi* Field,
In that Extream the Muſes were my Shield;
I 'ſcap'd the Tree when Death fell by my Side,
Nor was I Drown'd where *Palinurus* Di'd.
Be You my Sureties, and I'll ſteer the Coaſt
To *Boſph'rus*, where the raging Floods are toſt
In a perpetual Motion, and walk o'er
The parched Country, by th' *Apulian* Shore,
I'll ſee the ſtern look *Britain*, ſtem the Flood
To the rude Natives, that drink Horſes Blood,
Shake Hands with the grim *Tartar*, bend his Bow,
And freely paſs where *Tanais* does flow.
When *Cæſar* quarter'd his victorious Bands
In Garriſons, to reſt their weary Hands,
You him receiv'd at the *Pierian* Hill,
And did him with delightful Muſick fill:
'Tis You give Entertainment of the beſt,
Then kindly come, and banquet at the Feaſt.
We've heard that *Jove*, of all the Pow'rs the Head,
Whoſe Kingdoms o'er the Univerſe are ſpread,
Did Thunder-fell the Giants, when they ſtrove
To aſpire to his Government above;
Great *Jove* was much concern'd, and ſeem'd to fear,
When their preſumptuous Hands approach'd ſo near,
Leſt Hills on Hills, and Rocks on Rocks ſo caſt,
Might Heaven, and Earth turn upſide down at laſt.
But what *Typhœus*, *Mimas* rudely bold,
Porphyrion of vaſt Stature to behold, What

What *Rhœcus*, and the proud Gigantick Crew
But Scare-crows, only dreadful but in view,
What were those Lubbers to oppose the Shield
Of *Pallas*, both with Strength and Wisdom fenc'd?
Here Iron-sided *Vulcan*, *Juno* there,
Next comes *Apollo* bringing up the Rear,
That scarce his Bow from his strong Shoulders lays,
That Hair wet with *Castalian* Dew displays,
Whose Temple in the *Lycian* Grove does stand,
And *Delos* Isle is all at his command.
Force, without Conduct and delib'rate Care,
Sinks with th' unwieldy Burden it does bear.
The Gods well-govern'd Valour do delight,
And raise the prudent Warrior in Fight;
But impious Men, that do their Strength abuse,
They the Gods favour, and their Labour lose.
Witness *Briareus*, with an hundred Hands,
That now a Mark of black Rebellion stands,
And bold *Orion*, that did justly Die,
Trying to corrupt *Diana*'s Chastity.
The Earth with Crimes befotted, full of Woe,
Grieves for her wretched Offspring, that must go,
For vile Attempts, to Punishment below;
Nor will the Flame Mount *Etna* e'er consume,
Nor ever free the Giants from their Doom,
Nor will the Vulture *Tityus* e'er forsake,
Nor will his Heart with heavy Torture break;
Pirithous, wrack'd with miserable Pains,
Is triple link'd in everlasting Chains.

ODE

The Praises of Augustus; the Disloyalty of Crassus; the Valour of Regulus, His Truth and Constancy.

WE all believe, that mighty Thund'ring *Jove*
Does govern all below, and all above;
But in his lower Realms, by *Jove*'s Decree,
May great *Augustus* reign his Deputy,
Since the bold *Britains*, and the *Persian* Race,
Have to the *Roman* Empire given Place.
And does the Souldier of lost *Crassus* live
Fond of his *Parthian* Mistress? We'll believe
That Swans with Ravens intermix'd may be,
When *Romans* couple with Barbarity,
Marsus and *Ampdus*. O Disgrace and Shame!
Have ye forgotten the old *Roman* Name?
Do ye neglect your Country at the last,
The Capitol, and City standing fast?
These great Misfortunes *Regulus* foreknew,
When *Hannibal* the *Romans* overthrew,
To whom it did a future Evil seem,
If *Rome* the Captive Souldiers should redeem.
I saw the *Carthage* Temple Walls bespread
With Arms, said he, and not the Bearers dead;
I saw our freeborn Citizens, with Hands
Behind them bound, disgracefully in Bands,
Saw *Carthage* Gates wide open, and their Ground
New till'd, that Forage for our Army found.
Think you, said he, that ransom'd Men with Gold
Will e'er return with Courage, and be Bold?
Consider well, and take some other course,
This is but changing bad Affairs for worse.

Nor

Nor will that Wool, that once receiv'd a ſtain,
Receive the tincture of true Blue again;
Nor does a baffled Army care to be
Drawn up for to regain loſt Bravery.
If that a Deer, that once in Toils was ta'en,
Will run to Nets, that hamper'd him, again;
Then will a captive Souldier, once ſubdu'd,
Wiſh that the Battle was again renew'd,
And he may have his Courage come about,
And afterwards give *Hannibal* the Rout,
That willingly ſubmitted to his Foe
For fear of Death, and let his Weapon go,
Not thinking what ſhould then have ſtood his Friend,
Surrender'd that which ſhould his Life defend.
O Shame for *Italy*! Great *Carthage* now
Does wear the *Roman* Laurel on her Brow,
And that which renders *Carthage* the more Great,
Is the Deſtruction of the *Roman* State.
'Tis ſaid, that *Regulus* refus'd to ſee
His Wife, his Off-ſpring, and his Family
At his Return, but looking on the Ground,
Diſturb'd in Mind, in Warlike manner frown'd;
'Till he before the Senate had laid down
His Sentiments, convenient to be known;
Said he, if theſe brave Officers return,
I'll lay my Aſhes in a *Punick* Urn;
Although he was foreſeeing, and well knew
What Puniſhments would from the Foe enſue,
Yet thoſe he ſlighted, and made haſt away,
Not hearkning to his Friends that preſt his ſtay,
Like as a Counſel buſtles off in poſt,
And leaves the Client, when the Cauſe is loſt.

ODE

ODE VI. *To the* Romans.

All the Calamity their Country lieth under proceeds from the Neglect of Worship, and the Corruption of good Manners.

Roman, take care the Temples mend in haft,
In thy Forefathers time let run to waſte,
Leſt thou the Suff'rings of their Crimes ſhould'ſt taſt.
If thou the Gods with Strictneſs do'ſt obey,
Thou wilt bear Rule, and mighty Nations ſway.
'Tis in their Pow'r to proſper, or withſtand
Whatever Enterprize thou tak'ſt in hand.
The Gods unto th' *Italians* for their Crimes
Have ſent ſharp Puniſhments, and bloody Times.
Twice the proud *Parthians* now have gain'd the Day,
And made the *Roman* Eagles fly away,
And the rich Plunder from the *Roman* State
Has rais'd the Foe, and made the *Parthian* great.
'Twas well the *Scythian* did not overcome,
And *Cleopatra*, whilſt we jarr'd at home.
The ripeneſs of our Crimes, An foul Diſgrace!
Has baſtardiz'd the ancient *Roman* Race.
To this we owe all our Miſhaps of late,
That *Romans* are become degenerate.
The Girls a ſoft inviting Geſture taught,
By Education up to Fondneſs brought,
And then She's taking, amiable, and mild,
And thinks of ſoft Embraces from a Child.
And when ſhe is becroth'd ſhe goes about
To find ſome handſome younger Gallant out,
One that can compliment, and ſpeak her fine,
And kiſs her when her Husband is in Wine;

Nor

Nor is she very lustful whom she takes
When Lights are out, or whom her Lover makes;
At length she acts in Matters of Disgrace,
And dares make bold before her Husband's Face,
Whether the Factor some rich Gift does bring,
Or *Spanish* Merchant gives some costly Thing.
'Twas not from such a nice, luxurious Breed,
That the brave Youth did formerly proceed,
That on the Ocean made a Purple Flood,
And dy'd the Sea with *Carthaginian* Blood;
Beat *Pyrrhus*, and great Herods, after all
Pull'd down the Glory of proud *Hannibal*;
These were a sturdy Off-spring, stout and sound,
That always were employ'd to Till the Ground,
And at the glad declining of the Sun,
Brought heavy Burdens when their Task was done,
When weary Oxen were from Yoke releas'd,
When Shadows from the Mountains were increas'd,
And *Phœbus* left the tired World to rest;
What will become of Virtue at the last,
Since ev'ry Age grows worse? That which is past
Exceeds the following, still in Vice the Son
Surpasses all his Forefathers have done!

ODE VII.

He comforteth Asterie *concerning the absence of* Gyges, *and exhorteth her to Constancy.*

WEep not, *Asterie*, nor be heard complain,
Thy faithful *Gyges* will return with Gain;
Smooth western Winds, Companions of the Spring,
His Ship with rich *Bithynian* Freight will bring.

'Twas not his fault by South-winds driven astay
To *Asia*; Merchants such, Winds obey;
He Winter Nights, waking in Tears, does mourn,
That adverse Winds should hinder his Return.
But anxious *Chloe*, by her Agent, tries
An hundred ways in vain, and would devise,
That *Gyges* Love might to *Asterie* cease,
And She might step in Mistress in her place.
He tells him how the Wife of *Praetus* strove
To slay *Bellerophon* for slighted Love,
And that the Over-chast, as well sometimes
As rude Pretenders are accus'd for Crimes;
In *Pelean* Cass shews what a Rage will do,
When from *Hippolyte*'s Embrace he flew;
Then brings Examples, that Historians tell,
Where others have transgress'd, and all been well.
But nought avails, he never lends an Ear,
But still sues to *Asterie* will adhere:
But then remember, that *Asterie* he
In *Gyges* Absence as unmov'd as he
Let not *Erinnys* once be seen to come
As a Pretender, say thy Heart's from home:
May be he'll Ride the Managed horse as well
As any other, and perchance excel;
And when he does in rapid *Tiber* swim,
It may be none may be compar'd to him.
As soon as Night comes on take out the Key,
Nor look, nor hear if Serenades play,
And if an hundred times *Erinnys* call,
Let him receive his Answer from the Wall.

ODE VIII. *To* MECÆNAS.

He gives him the Reason why he offers Sacrifice on the First of March.

LEarned *Mecænas*, if you do enquire
Why I burn Incenſe in the ſacred Fire
On *March* his Calends, I upon this Day
Have Vow'd an Off'ring duly for to pay
Unto the God, that then preſerved me
From Death, near ſmitten by the fall of Tree.
This Day by me ſhall be obſerv'd, and ſhall
Be Yearly to the Gods a Feſtival;
I'll broach a Veſſel of the oldeſt Wine
That's pleaſant to the Taſte, and ſuperfine.
Come drink, my noble Patron, and be free,
This Day thy Friend eſcap'd his Deſtiny;
We'll ſet up Torches till the Day be light,
And baniſh all Diſturbance from our ſight.
Set publick Thoughtfulneſs aſide to Day,
The *Dacian* Army's beat, and fled away;
The *Parthians* too within themſelves do jar,
And are embroiled in a Civil War.
The *Cantaber* at length does Homage owe,
And Valiant *Scythians* have unſtrung their Bow.
Then make thy ſelf at eaſe, and never care
Whether to Morrow ſhall be foul, or fair;
Whilſt we are ſtud'ing things beyond our Pow'r,
We loſe th' Enjoyment of each preſent Hour.

ODE IX.

A Dialogue between Horace *and* Lydia.

HORACE.

WHilſt I was bleſt in *Lydia*'s dear Embrace,
E'er any Rival did uſurp my Place,

I thought my self Down, as Glorious Crown'd,
As *Persian* Monarch, or the Great *Mogul*.

LYDIA.

Whilst thou wast Constant, e'er thy wand'ring Eye
Fix'd upon *Chloe*, and let *Lydia* by,
Beyond the Female Sex I bore the Fame,
Happy as *Ilia* the *Roman* Dame.

HORACE.

I must confess that *Chloe*'s pleasing Charms
Have bound me fast a Captive to her Arms,
For whom my utmost Breath I'd freely give,
If by that means She might the longer live.

LYDIA.

Me *Calais* Love *Ornithus* Son inspires,
And my Affection warms with mutual Fires,
For whom I'd twice surrender up my Breath,
If that would save th' illustrious Youth from Death.

HORACE.

What if our old Amours should meet again,
Strictly united in a firmer Chain?
If I should *Chloe* leave, and backward cast
Renewed Love on *Lydia* at the last,

LYDIA.

Though *Calais* be as beauteous as a Star,
Thou falser than Deceit, more angry far
Than *Adrian* Sea, yet I would choose to be
Companion both in Life, and Death with Thee.

ODE

ODE X.

He adviſeth Lyce *to be a little better reconciled to him.*

IF, *Lyce*, thou near *Tanais* waſt wed,
And made a Bride unto a barb'rous Bed,
Yet ſhouldſt thou pity, and my Caſe deplore,
Expos'd to bitter Blaſts before thy Door.
Do'ſt hear thy Gate with frequent claſhings move,
And hollow Winds drive through th' adjacent Grove?
Do'ſt ſee how *Jove* has clear'd the freezing Sky,
And how the Snow glaz'd o'er with Froſt does ly?
Diſdain no more leſt *Venus* angry be,
And Fortune deal as croſs a Game to thee.
Thou waſt not born of a diſgraceful Breed,
Nor from thy Father do thoſe Frowns proceed;
Though Preſents, nor Entreaties will prevail,
Nor Cheeks that languiſh with a bluſhing Pale,
Nor that your Husband, uſe all Skill you can,
Will ſtill be ſmitten with a Courtezan;
Yet in Compaſſion take a little care,
And be not to thy Supplicants ſevere;
Nor to thy Lovers ſtill perſiſt to be
As uncompliant as an Oaken Tree;
Nor when thou ſhouldſt ſome friendly Pity take,
To be as Vip'rous as an angry Snake;
Bethink thy ſelf before it be too late,
I ſhall not ſtill ly ſtarving at thy Gate.

ODE XI. *To* Mercury.

That he would teach him Strains, by which Lyce might be wrought to.

WIng'd God, that firſt didſt know the *Lyrick* Art,
And to *Amphion* didſt thy Skill impart,

Who did the Harp to ſuch Perfection bring;
That Stones danc'd after his harmonious String;
And thou, ſoft Harp, inſtructed but of late
To pleaſe the Gods, and to amuſe the Great,
Aſſiſt me after Courting long in vain,
To Charm deaf *Lyde* with a muſick Strain;
Who, like a wanton Filly out of hand
Plays round the Paſture, and defies command,
Rejoyces in her freedom, will not hear
Of heavy Fetters, nor the wedlock Care.
Thy Harp, ſweet *Orpheus*, made fell Tigers tame,
Inſpir'd the Groves, and ſtay'd the rapid Stream.
Dread *Cerberus*, that never ceas'd to bay,
Was quiet when he heard thy Muſick play,
Though his ſtern Forehead was with Vipers hung,
And Poiſon ſcatter'd from his triple Tongue;
Ixion liſten'd, and ne'er mov'd the Wheel,
Sad *Tityus* ſmil'd, nor did the Vulture feel,
The Tub neglected for a while was dry,
Whilſt the vile Sifters heard thy Harmony.
Make *Lyde* hear, and let her know the Pain
That *Danaus* Daughters juſtly did ſuſtain
For their foul Crimes, and Cruelty before,
Condemn'd to Labours that will ne'er be o'er.
For what was worſe? Each Bride her Bridegroom ſlew,
And *Hymen* from the bloody Nuptials flew:
One milder than the reſt, contrived how
To ſave a Life, and nobly break her Vow,
A Virgin worthy of the Marriage tie,
Whoſe Fame will never fade, nor Honour die;

Who

Who to her Husband ſaid, Wake up my Swain,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt ſleep, and never wake again;
Thy Fath'r-in-law's, and Siſters Aims deceive,
That do contrive thee an untimely Grave;
Who, like to ſavage Creatures, when a Prey
By them is caught, the wretched Creature ſlay;
I tender-hearted will Compaſſion take,
And undergo the Suff'ring for thy ſake:
And let my Father uſe me as he pleaſe,
Bind me in Chains, exile me to the Seas,
Becauſe I ſpar'd the Guiltleſs, ſtay'd my Hand,
Nor ſtrook the fatal Stroke at his Command:
Away, make haſt before it be too late,
Shift for thy ſelf, I wiſh thee proſp'rous Fate;
And write for me an Elegy, and ſay,
To ſave thy Life I gave mine own away.

ODE XII.

To Neobule, *languiſhing for the Love of* Hebrus.

SUch as in Love refuſe to paſs the Day,
Or drink a Glaſs for fear what Uncles ſay,
Are miſerable Tenements of Clay.
But ſprightly *Cupid*, *Venus* winged Boy,
Has taught *Neobule* in Love to toy,
And *Hebrus* Beauty, and his ſparkling Eye,
Has made her lay her Houſewife's Basket by,
Her Spindle, and her Diſtaff caſt aſide,
Preparing to be gallant *Hebrus* Bride;
A Man of Courage, and of active Forces,
That knows with Skill to ride the manag'd Horſe,

To swim in *Tiber*, hunt the Stag, or Boar,
What can you ask, *Novbule*, what more
Than Bravery in him that you adore?

ODE XIII.

To the Fountain of Blandusia.

Blandusia's Fountain, as thou glidest by,
Thou'rt purer than the Christal to mine Eye;
Delightful Spring, to excellency fine,
Worthy of Flowers, and the best of Wine;
I'll sacrifice a Kid unto thy Fame
To Morrow, that has tasted of thy Stream;
A wanton Kid, whose Horns just newly grow,
And just begins his wanton Tricks to show.
The Dog-Star's Fury does not thee invade,
Nor scorching *Phœbus* penetrate thy Shade;
The Cattle from the Breez, and burning Sun,
From distant Pastures to thy Shelter run;
The weary Ox from th' heavy Yoke releas'd,
Amidst thy Shades, and Waters is refresh'd.
Thy Fame, Inviting Current, shall be told
With famous celebrated Springs of old;
I'll sing the Grove that on the Rock does grow,
From whence thy gentle whisp'ring Streams do flow.

ODE XIV. *To the People of* Rome.

Concerning Augustus's *Return from* Spain, *the* Cantaber *being overcome.*

NOw, Citizens of *Rome*, Great *Cæsar*'s come
Alive, and brought the dang'rous Laurel home,
Enrich'd with Trophies from the *Spanish* Shore,
See brave *Augustus* leading on before!

Here

Here let *Drusilla*, bright *Octavia* there,
Next aged Matrons in grave Dress appear,
Let ev'ry Mothers Child attend, and pay
Thanks to the righteous Gods, but little say.
This Day a sacred Festival shall be,
And shall exclude all Thoughtfulness from me;
Nor will I fear to Die by hostile Hand,
Since Warlike *Cæsar* does the World command.
Boy, fetch me Unguents, bring me Garlands fine,
And pierce a Vessel of the choicest Wine,
On which the Mark of *Marsian* War thoul't find,
If *Spartacus* his Gang left ought behind;
And tell *Neæra*, tell her that I say
She must come here, and that without delay,
If that the Porter stops make haste away,
Grey Hairs may make me let Abuses go,
If I were Young she must not serve me so.

ODE XV.

To Chloris, *become an Old Woman.*

POor *Ibicus* his Wife, 'tis all in vain,
It is too late for thee to trade for Gain:
Leave off, and such disgraceful Fancies fly,
Shalt thou be never Old, or never Die?
Let the young beauteous Virgins shine as clear
As twinkling Stars do in their Orb appear,
But let not thy dim Phiz eclipse the Fair;
That which becomes fair *Pholoe* will be seen
On thee, like Winter clad in Summer's Green.
Thy Daughter's Charms will sooner Love excite,
And ravish Lovers Fancies with delight,

Who

Who like a wanton Kid fierce feels the Ground,
Proud of the Favours he from Nobles found:
Good Country Wool will best thy wear become,
Robes suitable for Age, made up at Home;
Nor Musick, nor the flow'ry Garlands neat,
Nor Tipling, till the Hogshead sounds retreat,
Fits Age, that should be serious and sedate.

ODE XVI. *To* MECENAS.

All things are outvalued by Gold; he is contented, and liveth happy in a mean Fortune.

WEll might the brazen Wall secure,
And watchful Dogs by Night,
Have kept fair *Danae* chaft, and pure
From unclean Lovers fight.
Had not Great *Jove* beseig'd the Fort,
Hid in a Golden Show'r,
And He, and *Venus* made their Sport
At poor *Acrisius* Pow'r.
Jove made th' Attack with Gold in hand,
And then the brazen Hold
Was insufficient to withstand
The mighty Pow'r of Gold.
Gold runs through Centries, Guards, and goes,
Like furious Lightning on,
No Opposition fears, or Foes,
But breaks through manly Stone.
By Gold's delusion did the Seer
Old *Amphiaraus* fall,
And all his House, Gold ev'ry where
Does kill, and conquer all.

Philip

Philip of *Macedon*, they say,
With Gifts, and precious Things,
Subdued all things in his way,
And Conquer'd valiant Kings.
And those at Sea that durst Command,
E'en Adm'rals of the Main,
By Gold presented under hand,
Are taken in its Chain.
Yet though their Bags with Gold should burst,
There's not enough in Store,
For those that Covet, still will Thirst,
Although their Bowl runs o'er.
Honour of Knighthood's Order, I,
Mecænas, never strove
To rise in Grandeur up on high,
Or others climb above.
He that the most neglecteth here
A transient Good below,
Will surely have the greatest Share
Of what the Gods bestow.
With those of a contented State
I'll rank my self, and stay;
To such as covet to be Great,
I'll nothing have to say.
So shall I, in contempt of Gold,
More Satisfaction find,
Than those that large Possessions hold,
And have a wanting Mind.
A chrystal Stream, a little Grove,
And fruitful Field hard by,
Place me in Happiness above
Those that are e'er so high.

What

What if my Honey's not so fine,
Nor is my Vessel full
Of old delicious Champaign Wine?
Nor have the best of Wool
Yet want I nothing, nor complain,
But if I should, I know
Thou, of a noble Princely Strain,
Would'st more on me bestow.
Content with little, at more ease
I shall my Tribute pay,
Than if I from the *Phrygian* Seas
To *Lydia* bore sway.
Those Men deprive themselves of all
Who more, and more do crave,
And in great Plenty for more call,
Not using what they have.
Happy the Man whom *Jove* has lent,
Out of his mighty Store,
A modest Portion with Content,
He need not covet more.

ODE XVII. *To* ÆLIUS LAMIA.

He extolleth his noble Race, then adviseth Him to live merry on the Morrow.

GReat *Ælius* sprung from *Lamus* ancient Race,
Whose Ancestors did bear the Name, and Place,
And all the Annals do derive them down
In true Descent from the old famous Town,
That *Lamus* built in Ages long before,
Fam'd *Formia* on the *Læstrygonian* Shore.
O'er *Circe*'s Land his Government was known,
And *Liris* Banks, and Country was his own.

The

The Groves to Morrow *Lamia* thou wilt find
All torn, and tatter'd by the Eastern Wind,
And the Sea Banks by ſtreſs of Weather ſpread
With weedy Green upon their ſandy Bed;
I heard the Crow cry Storms from off the Oak,
Which I obſerve the Truth has often ſpoke:
Then make good Fires, and the Cold expel,
Let ſtormy Winds upon the Mountains dwell;
Drink Wine, and Eat, and keep from Troubles free,
And let thy Servants all keep Jubilee.

ODE XVIII. *To* FAUNUS.

That he would be favourable to him, and his.

FAunus, that lov'ſt the Nymphs that from thee fly,
A ſign of Baſhfulneſs, and Chaſtity,
As thou doſt paſs my Confines be ſo kind,
To leave good Luck unto my Flocks behind.
As I a tender Kid do Yearly pay,
With Wine, and Incenſe on thy Feſtal Day.
The Cattle for thy care are thankful ſeen,
By Inſtinct gladly ſporting on each Green.
And on *December*'s Nones both Man and Beaſt
Keep Holiday, and from Employment reſt;
The Wolf no ſavage Nature does declare,
The Lambs do paſture by him without fear;
The Woods ſtrip off their Greens, and lay them down,
Thus Thanks are from the Vegetable ſhown;
The Plowman that before was weary found,
Then trips as if he ſcorn'd to touch the Ground.

ODE XIX. To TELEPHUS.

He admires at his Curiousness in the Pursuit of ancient Histories, and his Neglect of Pleasure.

THou, *Telephus*, from *Inachus* do'st sing
The *Grecian* Story, of th' *Athenian* King
Fam'd *Codrus*, that did nobly Death defie,
And for his Country Volunteer did Die
Thou tell'st, the Race of *Bacchus* do'st write,
Troy's Siege, and what brave Heroes fell in Fight;
But never mention'st how the best of Wine
Is to be Sold, or where we are to Dine;
What Hour we are to meet by thee untold,
And where's good Fire for to expel the Cold.
Boy fill a Glass: Here's to the rising Moon,
Make haste, another, 'twill be Midnight soon,
Come here's a Health, and briskly let it pass,
Augur *Murena* in the following Glass;
By thirds the Glass goes round from Three to Nine,
He that the Muses loves thus drinks his Wine;
The Poet cries, wrapt in an Extasy,
I'll drink to all the Muses three by three:
The Graces, careful left a Quarrel rise,
Do say three Glasses shall at once suffice.
Let us rejoyce, and let the Musick sound,
May Sorrow in a Bumper deep be drown'd,
Why does the Pipe, and Harp hang by the Wall?
Strike up you lazy Harpers at a Call;
Make *Lycus* hear our Mirth, and wish that he
Were Young enough to bear us company;
And let his Consort hear, whose bloomy Face
Is too too Fair for *Lycus* old Embrace.

Thou,

Thou, *Telephus*, with Blushy like evening Sky,
Haſt gain'd a wishing Glance from *Chloe*'s Eye.
I for the Love of *Glycera* complain,
That ſlowly burns, and lets me love in vain.

ODE XX. *To* PYRRHUS.

That he would not endeavour to part Nearchus *from the Maid that loved him.*

COnſider, *Pyrrhus*, what may thee betide,
Should'ſt thou *Nearchus* and his Love divide:
Women if croſs'd in Love exceed the Men,
Go ſteal the Whelps from the fell *Lion*'s Den,
Or rob the ſavage *Tiger* of her Young,
Or any that to *Africk* Sands belong,
But then what follows? Of their Breed bereft,
They'll furiouſly purſue thee for thy Theft.
The injur'd Maid enraged thus anon
Will hunt out her *Nearchus* that is gone.
'Tis a diſpute 'twixt thou thy Snares haſt laid,
Whether *Nearchus* will forſake the Maid.
Why ſhould'ſt thou thus contrive, and do thy worſt
To be by a poor wretched Female Curs'd?
And after all 'tis ſaid by ſome, that he
Does little value either her, or thee,
But powders, and perfumes, and dreſſes gay,
Careſs'd by all the Ladies at the Play:
As fine as *Nireus*, or the Youth that *Jove*
Made choice of for his Cup-bearer above.

ODE XXII. *To his Wine-Veſſel.*

He merrily deſires it to preſerve the beſt of Wines in honour of Corvinus.

MY noble Kilderkin, my right-hand Friend,
Since *Manlius* did the Conſulſhip extend;

Whether thy high flown Faculties inspire
Anger, Mirth, Madness, or Love's idle Fire,
Or lay us all a Sleep, I still must say,
Thou yield'st me Wine fit for a festal Day;
To thy old Conquests now fresh Trophies raise,
Produce a Glass in fam'd *Corvinus* Praise.
His Books, and serious Thoughts away he'll cast,
When he the Flavour of thy Wine does taste.
Gruff *Cato* 'd smile, and brisk, and jolly be,
Amidst such Wine as thou affordest me.
Thou makest Sadness soft, and op'st the Door
Of private Counsel, that was fast before;
Thou addest Hopes to Fears, mak'st Beggars great,
Nor start at *Mars* his Frowns, nor Monarch's Threat.
Bacchus, and *Venus*, if She'll be so kind,
And smiling Graces, that ne'er stay behind
From such a Banquet, shall of thee partake,
Till *Phœbus* dims the Stars, and Day does break.

ODE XXII. *Upon* DIANA.

To whom he consecrateth a peculiar Pine Tree.

HEad ranging Goddess of the Hills, and Groves,
That bring'st to light the hidden fruits of Loves,
That hearest when thou Thrice art call'd upon
By Girls that groan for Pleasure past and gone,
And hastest to relieve them, and dost save
At point of Death in Child-birth from the Grave,
Goddess of triple Form, the shady Pine,
That spreadeth in my Village shall be thine,
And at his foot a Boar each Year shall die
A Sacrifice unto thy Deity,

M

That meditated Combat in his Youth,
And learn'd to ſtrike obliquely with his Tooth.

ODE XXIII. *To* PHIDYLE.

The Gods are to be appeas'd only with pure Hands.

IF thou do'ſt lift thy Heart up with thy Hand,
Sincere, unto the Gods as they command
At each new Moon, then, *Phidyle*, ne'er fear,
The Gods will ſurely thy Petitions hear:
Thy Vine ſhall bear large Cluſters, and thy Field,
Exempt from Blaſts, full Granaries ſhall yield,
Nor ſhall that Time, or Seaſon caſual be
Unto thy Kids, when Fruit drops from the Tree.
What Beaſts *Algidus*, or *Alsenia* ours'd,
For Sacrifice ordained at the firſt,
Are nought to thee, nor need'ſt thou mind their Stall,
Pontifick Sacrifices thoſe we call.
Thou need'ſt not Cattle on the Altar burn,
When Roſemary, and Myrtle ſerves the turn.
If that thy Hand unſpotted, and unſtain'd,
Can touch the Altar with an Heart unfeign'd,
The Gods will take thy Off'ring in good part,
Proceeding from the boſtom of thine Heart,
And with thy Gift as kindly will diſpenſe,
As if thou offer'dſt Myrrh, and Frankincenſe.

ODE XXIV.

The Covetous Man.

IF thou more Treaſure had'ſt than all the Store
Of rich *Arabia*, or the *Indian* Shore,
Had'ſt in thy lofty Manſion as much Gold
As *Tuſcany*, and *Apulia* do infold,

If

If Fate's sharp Darts do ever thou constrain,
Thou may'st not Death, and Destiny withstand.
The wand'ring *Scythians*, that have no Abode,
But have their moving Cottage on the Road,
And hardy *Getes*, that all free common share,
Live better much than thou, with far less Care,
That are not wearyd out to till the Ground,
But fresh Supplies each turning Year come round,
Where the mild Wife, no Step-mother-ish way,
Allows the Man Prerogative, and Sway,
Nor lets Usurpers her chaft Thoughts betray.
A Wife descended of a vertuous Race,
Prudent, reservd, becoming of her Place,
That sooner would lay down her Life, and Die,
Than stain her Honour, or her Chastity,
Has ampler Dowry, does more Treasure bring,
Than if descended from a *Persian* King.
But, ah! whoever now a-days does strive
By vertuous Deeds to make his Name survive,
By quelling homebred Rage, and to become
The Father of a peaceful State at Home,
We him reward when Living with Disdain,
When Dead we sorely for his Loss complain.
What do Complaints avail when no regard
Is had to Virtue, Vice without reward?
What signify the Laws, when Merchants run
Into the scorching Climates of the Sun,
Or to those frozen Countries make their way,
Where *Phœbus* seldom does the Land survey?
Can Merchants *Neptune* and the Waves out-dare,
And cross the dreadful Ocean without Fear?

The hopes of Gain, and Poverty to fly,
Makes Men the rashest of Adventures try,
And leave the Paths of Vertue, whose sure Gain
Exceeds the Profit of the faithless Main.
Then for the Capitol and sacred Use,
Let's all our Jewels, and our Gold produce;
Or cast them in the Sea, and let the Waves
Drown that, which Men of all that's good bereaves.
Sorrow for Vice, and Tears are fruitless things,
If still the Root remains from whence it springs,
And our loose Minds, soft, and effeminate,
Should be employ'd in Matters that are great.
The Nobleman's young Heir learns to bestride
The hunting Horse, knows not the Reins to guide,
But chooses with a School-boy's Top to play,
Or from his Lands at Dice to run away:
Mean while his perjur'd Father will deceive
His Friend, or with his Brother play the Knave,
To gain vile Riches for a worthless Son,
That will reward him well when that is done;
And when he's Heaps of Gold unjustly got,
There's something lacking still, I know not what.

ODE XXV. *To* BACCHUS.

He being inspired by him is about to speak great things concerning Augustus.

WHere dost thou now transport me, *Bacchus*? strange
Unusual Fancies through my Senses range.
Why does my Muse with swifter Pinion rove
Into the Desart, to each silent Grove,
And lonely Cave, with lofty Flights inspir'd,
Such as for *Cæsar*'s Praises are requir'd,

To

To place him next the Gods, that his bright Star
Might shine in Splendor next to *Jupiter*.
I'll be the speaking Trumpet, that shall sound
His Glory, yet untold, the Nations round;
Thy Priestess, *Bacchus*, near was so possest
With Fancy, when awaken'd from her Rest,
She *Hebrus* saw, and *Thracia* clad in Snow,
And *Rhodope* with barb'rous Breed below,
As I in silent Groves by musing thought,
Beyond my self in climbing Raptures caught,
To speak great *Cæsar*'s Praises as I ought.
Stout pow'rful *Bacchus*, that do'st understand
To rule the watry Nymphs at thy Command,
And Bacchanals, who throw down with their Hand
High Trees, from me no common Stile proceeds;
My Verse shall suit with mighty *Cæsar*'s Deeds.
Bacchus, with thee I Volunteen will go,
That on thy Souldiers do'st a Wreath bestow.

ODE XXVI. *To* VENUS.

That She would restrain the Haughtiness of Chloe.

I Once a Champion was in *Venus* Court,
And purchas'd Honour, and had Trophies for't;
But Age to younger Combatants must yield,
As antiquated Souldiers quit the Field;
And now my Arms are plac'd for Honour due,
In *Venus* Temple for the Nymphs to view,
That Virgins that come in may see, and praise
The military Acts of former Days.
Here place your Torches, there your Screws and Bows,
That break down stubborn Gates that do oppose.

O

O *Cyprus* Queen, and *Memphis*, that do'th see
Nought of the Snows, that in *Sithonia* be,
Lay thy Commands on *Chloe*, make her hear,
Touch with thy Wan, or whisper in her Ear.

ODE XXVII. To Galatea.

Whom he dissuadeth from going to Sea by the Example of Europa.

MAy'nlucky Birds their ill Presages sing,
And evil Men on ill Adventures bring,
Let Wolves, and savage Creatures, that Ill bode,
Or dang'rous Serpents meet them on the Road,
To thee no finister Mishaps I fear,
To whom no wicked Actions do adhere.
The Crow from East shall clear his hoarser Throat,
And cry Good Luck by well presaging Note.
Be happy still, and, when good Chance thou hast,
Mind me, dear *Galatea*, to the last;
Nor shall th' unlucky Daw, or harmful Pie,
Be heard to Chatter as thou passest by,
Nor by their om'nous Cries pretend to say,
You'll meet with ill Success upon the Way.
But see the Danger, see *Orion* set,
His Locks with Clouds and Tempests dropping wet.
I know the *Adriatick* Bay full well,
The dang'rous Storms of *Zephyrus* can tell.
Let Enemies the treach'rous Seas cross o'er,
And hear the Winds, and frightful Billows roar,
And see the Lashings of the suff'ring Shore.
Think but upon *Europa*'s Fate, how She
Adventur'd with her horned Bull to Sea.

But when the Bull was rude, and throw'd her, then
She cry'd, and wish'd her self at Home agen.
She that did lately trace the flow'ry Plain,
To gather Garlands for the Virgin train,
Sees nothing now but Stars, and rugged Main:
Who when She once had touch'd the *Cretan* Shore,
That has an hundred Cities in its Store,
Enrag'd she cry'd, Father, I'm brought to Shame,
I've stain'd my Virtue, and have lost my Name
Whence did I come? One Death will not suffice
For my foul Crime, or is it a Surprize?
Am I awake? Are my Misfortunes true?
Or do affright'ning Dreams my Sleep pursue,
That slily can escape, as they came in,
To charge me with an uncommitted Sin?
Were Voyages at Sea, sharp Storms, and Show'rs
More pleasant than to crop the Meadow's Flow'rs?
Could I my rude Surprizer ever see,
The Cause of my unhappy Destiny,
Though once belov'd, I never should forbear,
But in my Fury him in pieces tear.
I without leave my Father did forsake,
For which I wait a heavy Doom to take.
What God thou art that hear'st what I say,
Expose me for to be the Lion's Prey,
Or let fell Tigers Throats be my relief
E're eaten up with Meagerness, and Grief.
Ah vile *Europa*, does thy Father's Gate
Expect thy coming, He impatient wait?
Why do thy backward Footsteps thus delay?
Make haste, *Europa*, cast thy self away,

Uſe thy convenient Girdle, ſo ſhall all
In time forget thine Action, and thy Fall,
Or leap from ſome ſteep Rock, and let the Wave
To Thee, and thy Misfortunes be a Grave;
Unleſs thou'dſt rather ſtoop from high degree
Of Princely Birth, an Hireling to be,
And Miſs to one of ſome great Family.
All the ſad Story, *Venus* and her Son
O'er heard, and laugh'd to hear what had been done,
And when they'd laugh'd ſufficiently, begun:
Europa, it were better you'd abſtain
From theſe Complaints, your Paſſions are in vain,
Should he return, whom you accuſe, and ſtand
To offer up himſelf into your Hand,
And ſay, *Europa*, all that e'er was mine,
Suppoſe me *Jove*, the Scepter ſhall be thine;
There was a Fortune of a noble Fame,
Part of the World thy Jointure, and thy Name.

ODE XXVIII. *To* Lyde.

Neptune's Feſtival is to be ſpent in Mirth.

WHat can I better do on *Neptune*'s Day?
My active *Lyde*, take this precious Key,
That to the beſt old Wine will ope the way,
And thou ſhalt lay thy ſerious Vizard by,
And none be Pleaſanter than thou, and I,
The Day's declining, and the Wine is old,
Since *Bibulus* the Conſulſhip did hold.
Out with it briskly, now 'tis at the beſt,
Fit to be ſpent at gallant *Neptune*'s Feaſt,

Had *Neptune* such a noble Cask in store,
All the Sea-tiplers would be round his Door.
We'll Consorts sing, thy Harp shall strike between,
First *Neptune*, next the wat'ry Nymphs in Green,
Latona, swift *Diana* with her Bows,
And Arrows, that on Wild-foot She bestows,
Then her that does the *Cyclades* possess,
To *Paphos* drawn by Swans in Silver dress.
At the Conclusion, with regretting Heart,
Sing some sad farewel Song before we part.

ODE XXIX. *To* Mecænas.

He invites him to a frugal Supper, and commends the Contempt of Riches.

I Have a Cask, *Mecænas*, it may be
As good as ever was preserv'd for thee,
Garlands, and Roses of the best have I,
Here's ev'ry thing beside thy Company;
Make haste, and let not *Tibur* cause thy stay,
Nor whilst thou do'st steep *Esula* survey,
Let *Tusculum* not make thee to delay.
Leave all thy Plenty, and thy Fabricks high,
Ne'er stand admiring *Rome*'s proud Gallantry.
Sometimes for change, the greatest Potentate
Will choose a cleanly wholesome Country Treat
Before the Entertainments of the Great.
The Earth now scorching Constellations stark,
Heat makes the furious raging Dog-star bark,
The Shepherds drive their panting Flocks to Shade,
And Water-Springs, the Solstice to evade,
The Winds are hush'd, no Breeze, or gentle Gale
Curls the becalmed Sea, or fills the Sail.

Mean while thy Mind's with Trouble tost, and Care
Anxious for *Rome*'s well-being, fraught with Fears,
And thoughtful how the wiſeſt Courſe to take,
Should *Cyrus* Country an Invaſion make.
Great *Jove*, that future things alone does know,
Does not his Counſels unto Mortals ſhow,
But ſmiles, when Men by ill-preſaging Thought
Hatch Fears, and nurſe them till to Ripeneſs brought,
Diſtempers dread before Infection's caught.
Enjoy the preſent Good, and wiſely uſe
What now is thine, and not the Moment loſe.
Let what ſhall follow, and fall out beſide,
Like *Tibur* run, that peacefully does glide,
And ſmoothly now along his Chanel goes,
And ſoftly to the *Tyrrhene* Ocean flows;
But when, diſturbed by the Floods, and Rain,
It over-runs its Banks, and drowns the Plain,
Its furious Billows o'er the Mountains roar,
And force all Oppoſition them before.
He, that can ſay each preſent Day, and Hour
I'm Happy, needs not value Fortune's Pow'r.
Jove, that does govern by his Pow'r divine,
Can make to Morrow either foul, or fine,
But neither *Jove*, nor Fortune can make void
The happy Days that were before enjoy'd.
Unconſtant Fortune, that ne'en long does ſtay,
That does delight unlucky Tricks to play,
Looks ſweet, and kind on me by chance a while,
But ſoon another does obtain the Smile.
A ſtedfaſt Fortune I alone commend,
B'it more, or leſs, that holds unto the end;

But when it lieth hov'ring on the Wing,
To fly away with what it erſt did bring,
I freely would reſign the Gift ſhe gave,
And ſcorn her flying Favours to receive.
Then welcome Vertue, clad with Innocence,
Thy ſingle cov'ring ſhall be my defence,
I'll thee embrace, and love though ne'er ſo Poor,
And ne'er depend on Fortune any more.
What then can harm me were I on the Main,
And in a Storm, what need I to complain?
What need I ſtunn the Gods with eager Pray'r,
With lying Promiſes to fill the Air,
For fear my Cargo ſhould be caſt away,
When I had nought to loſe, or nought to pay,
Then a ſmall Boat, and lucky Stars, b'ing Poor,
With Safety ſhall convey me to the Shore.

ODE XXX.

He ſaith the Glory of his Poetry will laſt for ever.

MY Labours now have brought a Work to paſs,
More laſting than a Monument of Braſs,
And now my Fame o'er Pyramids ſhall fly,
And the mean Cenſures of the World defy,
Which Envy's bitter Breath can never blaſt,
Nor Time's conſuming Canker ever waſte.
I ſhall not Die out-right, one Part of me
Will 'ſcape the cruel Stroke of Deſtiny.
So ſhall my Name be famous till the Day
That holy Rites, and Capitol decay.

Apu-

Apulia's thirſty Land ſhall praiſe, and tell,
That I the Lyrick Strains compoſed well,
And from a mean Original became
Almoſt as Famous as *Alcæus* Name:
Aſſume thy Right, my Muſe, and bear a Bough
From the green Laurel to adorn my Brow.

The FOURTH BOOK.

ODE I. To VENUS.

The

The ODES of *HORACE.*

The FOURTH BOOK.

ODE I. *To* VENUS.

His Age is no way ſuitable to Love's Purpoſes.

DEſiſt, dear Goddeſs, with thy conqu'ring Charms,
Nor wound old Age afreſh with youthful Arms,
Spare I beſeech thee, ſome Compaſſion take
Upon an aged Souldier gotten weak.
I am not half the Man as in the Day,
When *Cinara* did my Affections ſway;
Conſider but mine Age, now Fifty paſt,
The ſtouteſt Warrior cannot ever laſt.
Beſtow thy Charms amidſt the bloomy Race,
That ſigh, and pray, and kneel for an Embrace,
Fly with thy Swans to *Fabius* as a Gueſt,
Where thou wilt find an acceptable Feaſt;
He's gen'rous, and becoming, free to ſtand
Faſt by the Pris'ner, and the captive Hand,
He in a thouſand cunning Arts is wiſe,
And will exalt thy Banners to the Skies.

And

And when by thy Assistance he has gain'd
A splendid Conquest, and the Prize obtain'd,
Laugh'd at his unskill'd Rival, that had made
Small progress by a mercenary Trade;
He'll then erect an Altar to thy Name,
In well cut Marble, and a carved Frame,
Where active Youth, and beauteous Girls shall pay
Thee Sacrifice upon thy festal Day;
Shall Garlands there present, and dance, and sing,
And make thy Chapel with thy Praises ring.
For me, I know not what's befallen now,
Nor Love, nor Wine, nor Flowers chear my Brow;
Why do the falling Tears bedew my Face?
Tell, *Ligurinus*, how it comes to pass,
Why do my Words in stupid Silence fall,
Nor can I my last Sentences recall?
'Tis thee I catch pursuing thy swift Flight,
In the mistaken Phantoms of the Night,
I trace the Camp, and cut the curled Stream,
To follow *Ligurinus* in my Dream.

ODE II. *To* ANTONIUS JULUS.

He speaks in the Praise of Pindar.

WHoever, *Julus*, shall with *Pindar* vie,
With fatal Wings like *Icarus* will fly,
And through Presumption tumble from on high.
Like as a Brook, descending from an Hill,
Whose Banks the Rains, and Floods did over fill,
Surges, and mounts as from high Clefts it falls,
So *Pindar* in the depth of Language rolls,

Who Wreaths must wear crept from *Apollo's* Tree;
Whether in noble Dithyrambicks He
By forms of new found Words is carr'd sublime
In lawless Numbers, and unmeasur'd Time;
Whether of Gods he treats, or potent Kings,
Whose mighty Race from the Gods Lineage springs,
That punish'd the rude *Centaurs* all with Death,
And stop'd *Chimæra's* dreadful flaming Breath;
Or those heroes, that from th' *Elean* Fight
Return'd with Palms, there does the Champion right
Commend the Horse, and Rider, and more Praise
And Honour gives, than Marble Statues raise;
Laments the Youth snatch'd from the weeping Bride,
Tells of his Strength, his Courage, and beside
Extols his fair Behaviour to the Sky,
And grieves so brave a Youth so soon should Die.
Light Air does bear the *Theban* Swan on Wing,
When he in lofty Flight to Clouds does spring;
I, like the Bee of *Matine*, that roves
By *Tiber's* fenny Banks, and o'er the Groves,
Sweet Thyme to gather, in low Flights rehearse
My humble Fancy in elaborate Verse.

O D E.

But thou, *Antonius*, on a loftier string
Shalt *Cæsar* praise, when he to *Rome* shall bring
The fierce *Sicambri* all in Triumph led,
With the deserved Laurel on his Head;
Nor could the Gods a greater Kindness shew,
Nor greater Blessings e'er on *Rome* bestow
Than *Cæsar* safe return'd, altho' once more
The Gods the golden Ages should restore;

And also shalt relate the happy Days,
When *Rome* did all sejoyde in Sports, and Plays
At his Arrival there, and also sing
The loud Huzzas that made the *Forum* ring.
Then shall the best of all my Rhetorick join,
(If any worth the hearing be) with thine,
And sing, O happy Day! that has brought home
Cæsar with Joy, and Victory to *Rome*.
And thou, and I, and all the Streets shall sound
Io triumphe, Io triumphe, round.
Then we the Gods with Offerings will address,
And thankful Hearts by lib'ral Hands express.
For thee ten Bullocks, and ten Heifers may
Suffice for thy just Vows, for me multiply
A Calf ta'en from his Dam, to slaughter led,
That was in large, and fruitful Pasture fed;
Whose crooked Horn increasing on his Brow,
The Moon thrice risen from her Change does show,
Described thus by mark of different note,
With silver Fronntlet, and a golden Coat.

ODE III. *To* MELPOMENE.

He saith that being by his Muse inspir'd with a poetical Fancy, his Fame will be Immortal.

POets that are inspir'd at the first,
Born to high Flights, and by the Muses nurs'd,
Need not *Melpomene* to purchase Fame
At the *Olympick* Sports, or *Isthmian* Game,
Nor need they to the Capitol be brought,
With Laurel crowns for Battles they have fought;

The Poets lofty Flights bear them on high,
And regifter their Names that never die,
Soft shady Groves, and *Tiber*'s pleasant Stream,
Are the delightful Subjects of their Theme.
If *Rome*, the Mistress of the World, will say,
That I shall in the Lyrick Consort play,
Then shall I top th' Ambitious in despight,
Envy may snarl, but never dare to bite.
O thou, my Muse, that tell'st the Harp her Notes,
That can'st put Musick into silent Throats,
That mak'st the Swan, just when he comes to Die,
To sing his mournful farewel Elegy;
'Tis through thy Gift that I, amidst the throng,
Am noted singly as I pass along,
Look, there's the Lyrick Poet: if I shine,
My Muse, in Metre, all the Lustre's thine.

ODE IV. *The Praises of* DRUSUS.

The greatest part of which is attributed to the Instruction of Augustus.

LIke as the Eagle (that was priz'd by *Jove*,
For the conveying *Ganymede* above,
Whom he made Sov'reign, and set up on high
O'er all his feather'd Subjects that did fly)
When from the Air he first doth take his flight,
Fearful as yet to prey, or climb in height,
Till noble Instinct from th' aspiring Sire,
Shews lofty flights, and bids him soar up high'r,
Then proud he mounts his Realms for to survey,
His num'rous Subjects views, then learns to prey,
A Lamb for dainties from the Fold he'll take,
For Fight's sake combate with the Dragon make;

Or as a Goat, with an amazed Eye,
Espies a Lion in the Pasture nigh,
That from his Dam had newly rang'd the Wood,
To take his Pleasure, and seek out for Food;
So did the Dwellers by the *Alps* with Fear
Behold young *Drusus* with his Army near,
The *Rhætians*, *Vindelicians*, that did hold
Axes for Arms, like *Amazons* of old.
The conqu'ring Troops, by Conduct overcome,
Saw the advantage of Advice at home,
Saw how *Augustus* Counsel did refine
Th' adopted Striplings of great *Nero*'s Line.
Brave Souldiers, and Commanders evermore
Succeed those Fathers that were so before;
From well-bred Horse good Blood does still proceed,
And is derived downward to the Breed,
As also from the Kingly Eagles Race
Succeeds a Princely Eagle in the place;
But Valour, with wise Conduct, does compleat
Good Courage, and the Heart corroborate,
When Rashness, and a Heart without a Head
Is brutish, rough, and unaccomplished.
See, *Romans*, what you to the *Nerves* owe,
Since *Asdrubal* receiv'd the fatal Blow,
That Halcion Day, that first shone out so bright,
Dissolv'd the Darkness, and brought in the Light,
Smil'd for its good Success, tho' in Times past
The *African* has laid our City waste.
Now the industrious Youth by Labour thrive,
As Bees come home with Honey to their Hive;

The Gods are of their Temples repoſſeſt,
And *Rome* from War's dead Burthen is releas'd.
Falſe *Hannibal* at length was heard to ſay,
We ſeek to be devour'd, and made a Prey,
We ſimple Sheep the *Roman* Wolves purſue,
From which 'twere more a Conqueſt if we flew.
A warlike Breed of *Priam*'s ancient Race,
That 'ſcap'd from *Troy*, toſt on the *Tuſcan* Seas,
And prov'd at laſt their lucky Chance to be
Caſt on the grateful Shore of *Italy*,
Brought there their Sons and Sires, and ſat them down,
From whence ſprung mighty Heroes of renown,
Theſe like an Elm, lopt with an Ax, will grow,
And ſpring afreſh where it receiv'd the Blow;
Like growing *Hydra's* by *Alcides* ſlain,
Lop off one Head another ſprouts again,
Fierce as the guardian Serpent of the Fleece,
That *Jaſon* cunningly tranſlerr'd to *Greece*.
Caſt them in Water over Head and Ear,
In Dangers they the Valianter appear,
If thou doſt fight them, they will ſtill ſtand faſt,
And will come off Victorious at the laſt,
And then there's ſomething for the Wife to tell,
How hard put to't, and yet came off ſo well.
No more good Tidings I to *Carthage* ſend,
Aſdrubal's Dead, on whom we did depend:
What is it but great *Nero*'s Son can do,
When *Jove*'s all conqu'ring Arm protects him too?
Jove, and good Conduct ſtanding by his ſide,
He'll ne'er want lucky Omens, nor a Guide.

The ODE

ODE V. *To* AUGUSTUS.

That he would hasten his Return to Rome.

HAsten, great Prince, thy Citizens all mourn
Thy Absence, long expecting thy Return;
For when we do enjoy thy Presence here
'Tis Summer Season, and the Sun shines clear,
But when thou'rt gone we heavy Hearts express,
Like drooping Winter in her pensive Dress:
As the sad Mother grieves her Son that's lost,
And drove by Tempests on some foreign Coast,
With earnest Prayers does the Gods implore,
Fixing her careful Eyes upon the Shore;
So the dejected Citizens of *Rome*
Long for the Day great *Cæsar* was at Home.
For 'tis from Thee that we receive our Gain,
Our Cattle safely Pasture on the Plain,
Enriching *Ceres* comes with Plenty crown'd,
And nurses up the Product of the Ground;
Our Shipping smoothly on the Ocean ride,
Truft is preserved spotless on each side,
The honest House with Whoredom's undefil'd,
The Wife in Husband's Likeness bears a Child;
Due Punishment, the Truest of a Fault,
Is put in Execution as it ought.
What need we fear the *Parthian*, *Scythian* Race,
Or *Germans*, stout with Battle in their Face?
Or what need we regard the *Spanish* Force,
When *Cæsar*'s furnish'd both with Foot and Horse?

The

Th' Industrious may unto their Work incline,
And without Fear, or Danger plant their Vine,
And chearfully with freedom drink the Wine.
And when the second Course is serv'd in,
Thy Health, O *Cæsar*, does at first begin;
Great *Cæsar*, as a God to be esteem'd,
That has his Country from her Fears redeem'd.
Like as the ancient *Grecians* heretofore,
That *Hercules*, and *Castor* did adore.
Great Prince, and Gen'ral, we thy Subjects pray,
That thou may'st long in Splendor bear the Sway,
And *Rome* may have the Blessing of thy Stay;
This in the Morning sober we repeat,
And when with Wine enliven'd, and 'tis late.

ODE VI. *To* APOLLO, *and* DIANA.

Apollo, famous Archer, that do'st know
Beyond all others to command the Bow,
Which haughty *Niobe* to her Sorrow knew,
When thy sharp Arrows did her Sons pursue;
Vile *Tityus* too, that did attempt the Rape,
Could not the Vengeance of thy Darts escape;
Achilles, though as brave as brave might be,
Did chance to meet a valianter than he,
Though like a Son of *Mars* he did appear,
And scar'd the *Dardans* with his warlike Spear,
Yet, like a Cedar tall he came to Ground,
And dy'd the *Trojan* Dust with *Grecian* Wound.
Had stout *Achilles* liv'd, the wooden Steed
Had never been, he lik'd a nobler Breed;

The He'd

He'd not surprized *Priam*, (what was worse!)
Dainties at first, and Death at second Course.
Base *Grecian* Fraud, belying *Pallas* Name,
Turn'd short-liv'd Mirth, and Feasting into Flame.
He'd storm'd the Town by force, and burnt up all,
But *Jove* gave Ear unto *Apollo*'s call,
And grieving listen'd unto *Venus* cry,
And yielded that *Æneas* should not die,
Preserv'd for future good, and sav'd alive,
That *Troy* might in th' *Italian* Race survive.
Phœbus, that do'st inspire my Muse to play
Pleasing Sonatos the soft *Lyra* way,
Enlarge my Flights, that soaring up on high
My Fame may over foreign Nations fly,
Thou Life, and Skill to Poets do'st impart,
And I'm an humble sharer of thine Art.
Come Youth, and Maidens, pure as *Venus* Doves,
Extol the virgin Archer of the Groves,
And, whilst I play upon the Musick, sing,
And strike your Voice in Consort to the string.
First great *Apollo*, then *Diana* tell,
That knows th' increasing nightly Torch so well,
That prospers the Increase upon the Ground,
And brings the fruitful yearly Seasons round;
And then when Marry'd 'twill delight to say,
I sung an Anthem at the festal Day
Of the fam'd God, and Goddess, and well knew
To sing the *Carmen Seculare* true.

ODE VII. *To* TORQUATUS.

It is good to live merrily, because all things pass away.

THe Winter's gone and pleasant Fields appear
With Greens attir'd, and Trees their toppings wear,
The Earth her Seasons does exchange, and now
The ebbing Brooks within their Banks do flow,
The Nymphs, and Graces to the Plains do bring
Their Troops in Dances, to salute the Spring.
Least thou for Immortality should'st pray
The Years, and Hours forbid, that haste the Day.
Sharp Frost, and Snow by western Gales abate,
Then Spring comes on, and Spring by Summer's heat
Is swallow'd up, Autumn pursues anon,
Cold Winter back in her old track does run:
The Moon her frequent Wanings does repair;
But when we go, and our last Dwellings share
With *Tullus*, *Ancus*, and *Æneas* Just,
We surely Shadows are, and nought but Dust.
Who can be sure the Gods in Bounty may
Add one more Light to the foregoing Day?
Whate'er thou shalt with liberal Hand bestow,
Unto thy greedy Heir will never go.
When once thou'rt Dead, and *Minos* firm Decree
Is on thee past, not then, *Torquatus*, thee
Will thy great Race, or Eloquence restore,
Nor pious Actions of thy Life before.
Nor could *Diana Hippolytus* release
From the infernal Shades at his Decease,
Nor *Theseus* can the fatal Chain untie,
When his dear Friend *Pirithous* must Die.

ODE

ODE VIII. *To* MARTIUS CENSORINUS.

He can present him with nothing but Poetry, but that's to be preferr'd before all things.

'TIs not for me rich Presents to bestow
Upon my Friends, my Fortune being low,
Nor, *Censorinus*, happen to my Lot
Such Prizes as the valiant *Grecians* got;
Nor do'st thou wish with curious Eye to view,
The lively Pictures, that *Parrhasius* drew,
Nor car'st what *Scopas* cunningly hath done,
Who'd form a God, or Mortal out of Stone.
Thou do'st not value Trifles of that kind,
We paint the fine Perfections of the Mind,
And those I do present unto thy Sight,
The humble Offers of a Poet's slight,
Which, more than any Artift, when they're read,
Will shew the living Pictures of the dead;
Not *Carthage* burnt, nor *Hannibal*'s defeat
Would e'er have made the Roman *Scipio* great,
But that the Muses register'd it down,
And writ the tragick Story of the Town;
Valour's Reward is loft, and Vertue's Praise,
Except the Poets do allow the Bays.
How would the Fame of *Romulus* been told,
But Poets still proclaim'd it from of old?
Juft *Æacus*, snatched from the Shades again,
Was bleft by Poets to th' *Elysian* Plain.
The Muses never let the Vertuous die
Without recording of their Memory.

Then they made *Leda*'s lucky Twins to shine,
Then plac'd *Alcides* with the Pow'rs Divine,
Crown'd mighty *Bacchus*, that e'er since does love
To make Returns to Mortals from above.

ODE IX. *To* LOLLIUS.

He saith that by his Poetry he should preserve his noble Acts from Oblivion.

DOubt not, my Friend, my Musick strains will sound,
And Verses live when I am under Ground;
New Forms of Metre, chiming smooth along,
Will still record me famous for my Song.
What though old *Homer* the Ringleader be,
Must none that shall come after please but He?
Must *Pindar*, and *Simonides* lie dead,
Nought of *Stesichorus*, *Alcæus* said,
No Laurel left to crown the Poet's Head?
And that to Ages would remain a Blot,
If bright *Anacreon*'s Wit should be forgot.
Does not the Fame of *Sappho* yet remain?
Must all that writ since *Homer* write in vain?
There were more *Helens* in the World than One,
For Poets of the Times to dream upon,
And other Archers, that as well did know
As *Teucer* ever did, to bend the Bow.
'Twas not the *Greeks* alone, more have been found,
That *Troy* in ancient Times beleaguer'd round;
Sthenelus, *Idomeneus* in those Days
Were stout, and brave, yet had not all the Praise;
Deiphobus, and *Hector* firmly stood,
Yet more have suffer'd for their Country's Good,

Heroes their Valour in the Field have ſhow'
E'er *Agamemnon*'s Bravery was known;
Theſe liv'd in Ages paſt, whoſe buried Fame
The former Ages did omit to name.
When Valour's hid ſmall difference we perceive
Betwixt the feeble-hearted, and the brave.
By me, great *Lollius*, ſhall thy Worth be told,
Nor ſhall Oblivion thy brave Acts enfold,
That always with an even Mind do'ſt bear,
Whatever Fortune happens to thy Share;
Thou puniſheſt Extortion, do'ſt deride
Gold that draws all the greedy World aſide;
Thou in thy Conſulſhip didſt purchaſe Fame,
Not only then, but ev'ry Year the ſame,
By ſlighting corrupt Gain in ev'ry Caſe,
And letting Truth, and Honeſty take place;
Thou Preſents ſent in private didſt defy,
Hatedſt the nauſeous Smell of Bribery;
Thus thy triumphing Vertues Vice o'er-ſway'd,
'Gainſt all Oppoſers with their Flags diſplay'd.
Thou may'ſt not vote him Bleſt, nor truly Great,
That heaps up Riches from a large Eſtate,
He only may a happy Man be thought,
That husbands the Gods Bounty as he ought;
That patient can with Poverty diſpenſe,
Worſe than from Death would fly from an Offence;
He arm'd with Innocence, and Conſcience clear,
Will venture for his Country without Fear.

ODE

ODE X. *To* LIGURINUS.

FAir *Ligurinus*, Scorn no more,
The Time is coming on,
When thou wilt fading Age deplore,
And Beauty will be gone.
And when thy youthful Days are fled,
And spreading Locks decrease,
Thou'lt say, my Colour's lost and dead,
Or blame thy Looking-Glass.
Then when thy Rosy Cheeks decay,
And thou hast flipt the Hour,
No tender Virgin will assay
To crop the wither'd Flow'r.

ODE XI. *To* PHYLLIS.

He invites her to a Feast upon the Birth-Day of Mecænas.

I Have a Cask of *Alban* in my store,
That, *Phyllis*, now is Nine Years old, and more;
For you my Garden Garlands shall provide,
My House with Silver glitters on each side;
All hands at work, Boys, Girls with active pace
Do run, the Candles in their Sconses blaze.
But that you first may be inform'd, and know
Unto what kind of Festivals you go,
I you invite to celebrate the Ides,
Which equally part *April* on both sides,
Yearly by me to be observ'd, and more
Aloft than mine own Birth-day had in store,

'Cause

'Cauſe my *Mecænas* at this Time we know,
His happy Birth-day to the World did ſhow.
Young *Telephus*, whom you ſo much admire,
Is with a rich gay Beauty ſet on fire,
Charming and young, much wealthier too, and kind,
Who *Telephus* her willing Slave does bind.
Proud *Phaeton*'s deep Fall might well adviſe
Such as by lofty aim too high would riſe,
And the wing'd *Pegaſus*, as with Speed he flew,
Earth-born *Bellerophon* in Anger threw.
That you may ever as your ſelf appear,
And never covet things above your Sphere,
Ne'er think on thoſe too great, too far above
Your reach, but let us now ſtrike hands, and love.
No Female from this Day ſhall claim a part,
You, *Phyllis*, only ſhall engroſs my Heart.
Learn you my Odes, and thoſe in Tunes rehearſe,
Sorrows are ſofter made by ſweet'ning Verſe.

ODE XII. *To* VIRGIL.

He deſcribeth the Spring-Seaſon, then inviteth him to a Banquet to be merry.

THe Spring's Companions now ſoft weſtern Gales
Do pacify the Seas, and fill the Sails;
Rivers within their Banks run ſmoothly on,
And hoary Froſts are from the Meadows gone.
Itys a Pheaſant now does make his Neſt,
That ſtill complains, and never can have reſt,
Whoſe wretched Murder did entail Diſgrace
Upon *Pandion*'s Houſhold, and his Race.
The Shepherds with their Pipes from each green Plain
Play warbling Notes great *Pan* to entertain;

That

That loves to view the Cattle, and delights
Large Proſpects from th' *Arcadian* Mountains Heights.
The Seaſon, *Virgil*, tells us that we may
Now take a Glaſs, and 'tis the time of Day;
But if thoul't drink Champaign that's ſuperfine,
Bring Spikenard thou, and I'll procure the Wine,
Only a little Box, and that ſhall be
An Obligation of a Cask from me,
Such as will make us young, new Blood inſpire,
Stir up freſh Hopes, force Troubles to retire.
But if thou com'ſt, come quickly, and withal
Bring ſomething to augment the Feſtival,
Never come empty here to drink, or eat,
As if an Entertainment of the great.
Haſte from delay, caſt off deſire of Gold,
A ſlender Urn ſhall once thy Wealth enfold.
Mix Merriment ſometime with grave Advice,
Though Mirth be Madneſs, now, and then 'tis Wiſe.

ODE XIII. *To* LYCE *become Old.*

NOw, *Lyce*, the kind Gods have heard my Pray'r,
Thou'rt old, and wrinkled, yet would'ſt ſtill be fair;
Thou'lt laugh, and joke, and briskly tipple too,
Be airy in thy Cups, and who but you?
When mellow, thou ſing'ſt Quavers to delight
Young Gallants, that old Age will not invite;
Thoſe love the youthful, and the ſoft Embrace
Of *Chia*, that has Muſick in her Face,
But thee will diſregard, ſince now at laſt
The Luſtre of thy Beauty's overcaſt.

Nor

Nor coſtly Robes, nor Diamonds will reſtore
The precious Hours that thou haſt ſlipt before;
Nor will ſwift flying Time return again,
That Regiſters, and Annals do retain.
Ah, where are now thoſe nice Perfections gone,
That raviſht I in Raptures doted on?
Where are thoſe Roſie Cheeks, that Mien, and Air,
That might almoſt with *Cinara* compare?
But that choice Flow'r a little time had grown,
E'er Fate the Bloſſom cropt but newly blown,
And left thee longer, *Lyce*, for to ſee
Thy Beauty ſuffer in Deformity,
Which makes thy old Admirers laugh, and ſay,
Thou in the Sun-ſhine ſhould'ſt have made thy Hay.

ODE XIV. *To* AUGUSTUS.

It is impoſſible to pay unto him Honour equal to his Merit.

HOw ſhall the *Roman* Calendar ſet forth
Thy Glory, Great *Auguſtus*, and thy Worth?
How ſhall brief Annals regiſter thy Fame,
T' immortalize thine Actions, and thy Name?
Great Prince, whoſe ſov'reign Rule, and wide Comman
Extends unto the fartheſt Point of Land,
Whom late the *Vindilicians* to their Coſt
Have known, when they the fatal Battle loſt.
For *Druſus* with thine Army gain'd the Day,
And made thoſe barb'rous Natives fly away,
The *Breuni*, and *Genauni* did confound,
And ras'd their lofty Caſtles to the Ground.

Next *Claudius* drew thy Forces to the Field,
And to thy Sword made warlike *Rhætia* yield;
A marvellous amazing Sight to view,
How he those stout dead hardy People slew,
Fiercer than *Æolus* when the Storms arise
Upon the Floods, he on with Fury flies.
So *Aufidus* with Rage incensed goes,
When it the Fields, and Country overflows:
As *Claudius* through the barb'rous Troops drives on,
Destroying all his Fury falls upon,
Till he with dead Mens Bodies, that were kill'd,
Did cover all the Surface of the Field;
Thy Counsel, Great *Augustus*, being Guide,
Thy Forces, and good Fortune on his side:
For in thrice five Years foll'ing from the Day
That *Alexandria*'s Gates wide open lay
To thee, the Toil of all the Wars was past,
And *Rome* was crown'd with Victory at last.
The stubborn *Cantaber*, that knew not how
To any Force as yet to bend, or bow,
Makes his Obeisance of his own accord,
And owns *Augustus* for his Sov'reign Lord.
Indus, *Indetis*, *Scythians* now subdued come
To thee for shelter, thou Defence of *Rome*:
Nilus, whose Dew does *Egypt* overspread,
Who's known all downward, but conceals her Head,
The *Danube*, *Tigris*, and the foaming Sea
Of *Britain*'s distant Coast report of thee;
Proud *France*, and *Spain* do thee their Gen'ral call,
And give thine Arms the Honour after all.